APRIL 12, 1947

SATURDAY NIGHT

PRICE 10 CENTS

VOL. 62, NO. 32 • TORONTO, CANADA

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

THE FRONT PAGE

The Reduced Incentive

THE more we look into this matter of Incentive the more convinced we become that the process of redistributing the national income, on which Canada has avowedly and frankly embarked, involves a very serious danger of so diminishing the Incentive that the national income itself will be greatly diminished. For when you diminish Incentive you diminish effort, and unless you replace effort by compulsion you thereby diminish the total volume of production. And compulsion is of course practically useless in every kind of work that requires skill; you can compel a man to exert his muscles, but you simply cannot compel him to exert his mind.

There is a very considerable element of the population which ceases to be responsive to Incentive after the first few doses; their "margin," to use the economists' word, is very low. They will work just enough, or just hard enough, to earn the income to cover the rent of an inadequate house for their family, the purchase of an inadequate diet and not very good clothing, and the satisfaction of their pet luxury, which may be beer or gambling or the cinema or attendance at professional sports or something else—all of them things quite harmless in themselves but not especially contributory to the "good life" or stimulating to ambition. When one starts in to redistribute the national income these people at once look like suitable beneficiaries, and we proceed to provide them with family allowances, health and insurance benefits, old age pensions for their parents and grandparents, etc.; and in one aspect the results are very good. But in another aspect they are not so good.

For these low-margin people immediately find that the income which they regard as covering all their needs, the income beyond which further effort is no longer worth while, is obtainable by much less effort than before the redistribution, and instead of continuing their effort in order to obtain more income, and thus to satisfy more wants, they just stop working. They want, not more income, but more of something which can be designated as leisure and can also be designated as laziness; and so far as the economic effect is concerned it does not matter which you call it or even which it actually is. For the economic effect is reduced production, and reduced production is reduced national income. You have not merely redistributed the national income, you have reduced its total amount, and since you have not reduced the share of the income which is taken by these marginal people, you must have taken away some of the share of the income which went to other people. And this will have reduced their Incentive, and will in turn reduce their production; and so on.

For the national output is the national income, and the national income is the national Incentive. Reduce the Incentive and you reduce the income, and that in turn reduces the Incentive yet further, and that in turn — O well, you can go on from there yourself.

Power and Responsibility

FEW people would care to deny that in democratic countries power has shifted heavily, in recent years, towards the class composed of organized workers. There is no ground for complaint in that; there is no more reason why organized workers should not possess power, if they can get it, than why organized capital-owners should not possess it. But there is one qualification to be attached to both ownerships; the owners of power must use it in such a way that it will, by and large, subserve the general interests of the state. One of the reasons why the organized capital-owners have lost a good deal of the power they had is that they have not of late been sufficiently careful about that qualification; the depression of the 'thirties was the culminating evidence that

(Continued on Page Five)

—Photo by Annette and Basil Zarov.

New portrait of Manitoba-born Gabrielle Roy, whose novel of life in a Montreal slum, "The Tin Flute", is the Literary Guild's choice for May. Screen rights will amount to $75,000. See story page 14.

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These Starved Children Are Tomorrow's Citizens

By Frank Chamberlain

THE Canadian Save the Children Fund is now more than a name to the people of Canada. From all parts of the Dominion men and women have come forward to aid the work of this vital organization among the children of Britain and Europe.

During 1946 Canadians contributed a total of $343,672. Transformed into urgently-needed medical supplies, food and clothing, this tangible evidence of the Canadian people's concern has been received and welcomed by thousands of war-ravaged youngsters in France, Germany, Austria, Poland, Rumania, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Greece and Czechoslovakia.

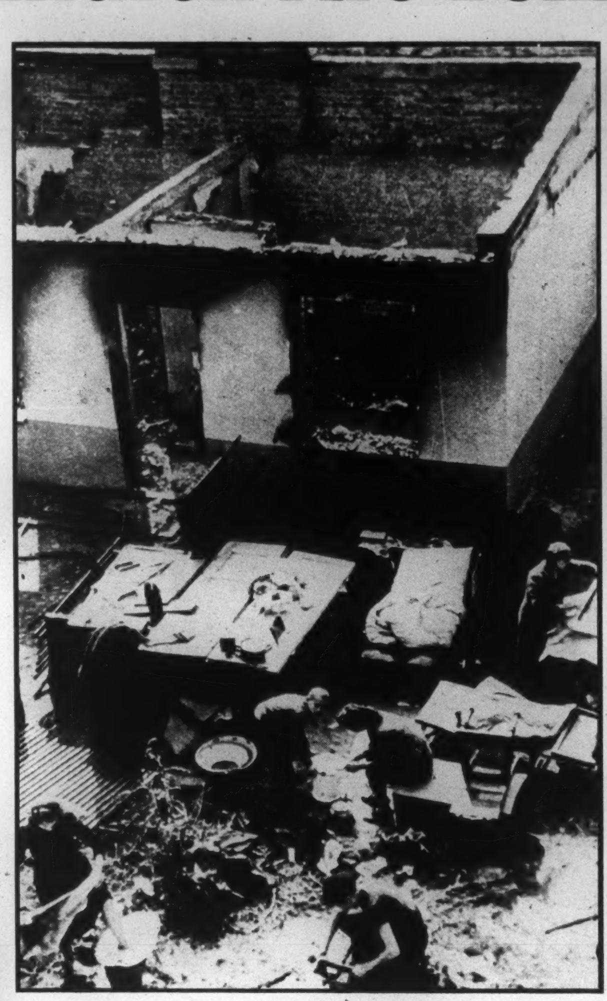
The children of Europe are always cold; always hungry. Their hunger, even with the food that reaches them, cannot be wholly appeased. The latest report from Europe declares that: "We cannot feed these children every day. *We must feed them one meal a day every other day. So we take them in relays.*"

ONE meal every other day for a growing child is tragedy for that child and his future. But even that one meal would reach him less often, if it were not for the constant vigilance, endeavor and assistance of the Canadian Save the Children Fund and those of similar agencies. And there would be no funds in existence if it were not for the whole-hearted support of the Canadian people. Happenings which do not strike at our own personal comfort can be easily brushed aside, but it is an uneasy world whose future citizens and rulers have minds and bodies warped by starvation and frustration.

It must be remembered that dollars are not dollars, but hot chocolate, shoes, powdered milk, jelly, coats, vests, diapers and breeches, and even face cloths, for the waiting children of Europe.

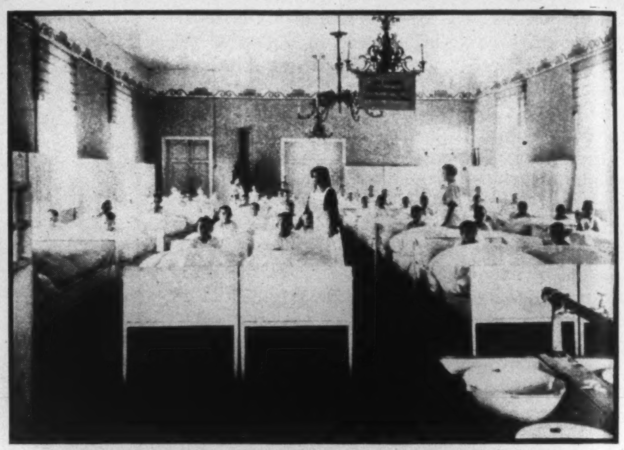
"More food, more medicine, more clothing than ever before!" is the Fund's motto for this year.

The headquarters of the Fund, of which Chief Justice J. C. McRuer is the national president, are at 45 Avenue Road, Toronto. Used clothing is dispatched to Europe from 111 Maitland Street, Toronto.



Families living in the open near Vienna. All across Europe there are people existing very much like this.

Small precious spoonfuls of Canadian chocolate feed the young inmates of an orphanage on outskirts of Paris.



Canadian blankets and cod-liver oil are used in this Swedish Save the Children Fund hospital for TB children.

Finnish boy at Tornio appears overcome by piles of clothing from Canada. Parcels to Finland are sent via Swedish relief agencies.

Packing layettes and children's clothes for overseas shipment at Toronto office of Save the Children Fund at 111 Maitland Street.

Only on very old faces does one sometimes see such a measure of emotions as can be glimpsed in the expression of this Polish girl; 13 years old, her chance of physical beauty has been ruined by malnutrition of both mind and body.

Labor's Plans Don't Worry the London Exchange

Tucked away in Capel Court, close to the Bank of England in the heart of the city, is the uninspiring exterior of London's Exchange.

By H. Norman Smith, M.P.

London.

A POPULAR illusion about the London Stock Exchange is that it manipulates share prices to suit its own interests. It is certainly possible for all sorts of financial people who are either "in the know" or in a position to influence the opinion of the uniformed public, to manipulate the markets. But the Stock Exchange people are in no such position. The Exchange itself is merely a barometer that records what is usually called "the higgling of the market". Exchange professionals—stockbrokers and jobbers—are at the mercy of tides over which they have little control: tides of opinion which may be well-informed opinion in the minds of some investors, but which, more often than not, is a mere compound of hope, fear, prejudice and even wishful thinking.

Let us go into the domed and pillared hall of the London Exchange which is tucked away in a rather dark little court in the heart of London.

Who is this grey-haired man, silk-hatted and gay of mien, standing nonchalantly against a pillar in a section of the floor devoted to transactions in the shares of brick and cement firms? He is approached by a staid-looking individual whose bearing and demeanor suggest caution. Gay's nonchalance evolves almost imperceptibly into expectancy. Staid approaches him so closely that the faces almost touch. Staid whispers something into Gay's ear. Gay hesitates the fraction of a second, says something in a low voice. Staid, pulling a notebook from his pocket, replies briefly and writes in the book. Gay nods, they turn their backs on one another, Staid glides away, Gay, in turn, records something in a book. Gay is a jobber, Staid a broker.

Staid may have whispered the magic word "Cements?" meaning the £1 ordinary stock units of the Associated Portland Cement Company, Limited. And Gay may have answered: "Fifty-seven, fifty-eight," quoting a double price, meaning that he would sell to Staid any reasonable quantity of the stock at 58s. a unit, or buy from him any reasonable quantity at 57s. Gay probably had not the faintest notion whether Staid wanted to buy or sell, nor had he the remotest idea whether Staid was concerned to trade a hundred units or a thousand. What mattered was that, by all the laws of the London Stock Exchange, the jobber's job was to quote a price and stick to it for that deal in any reasonable quantity of shares and in either direction.

Two circumstances at the very outset will deeply impress the outsider: first, there is rarely any difference of opinion between broker and jobber over what constitutes a reasonable amount of stock for one transaction; and second, no written confirmation of any transaction, however large, is ever made. The broker makes a note in his own book, that is all. Next day both broker and jobber send clerks to the Settling Room where they check over, again verbally, the previous day's deals.

THE jobber stands all day on his pitch, an area of floor space set aside by custom for the use of jobbers who specialize in a certain kind of security market.

A broker lives by charging clients commission on the transactions. But the jobber has no contact with the public at all. He gets his living, if he is shrewd enough or lucky enough, through buying stock at the low (or bid) price, and selling it at the higher (or offered) price.

The jobber has no alternative but to vary his price from moment to moment throughout the day in accordance with the trend of supply and demand. If brokers' clients all want to sell, the jobbers must push prices down. They would lose money if they did not do so. However, if they push prices down too far, they will lose business, for competition among the jobbers on the floor is very real so long as markets are active. Thus a jobber who pushed prices down merely out of whim or caprice or political spite would be inviting ruin. Brokers could buy cheaply from him and then sell at the normal price to his rival jobbers.

In most sections of the London Stock Exchange dozens of jobbing firms compete for the business; and if Staid had been dissatisfied with Gay's prices, he would have gone to one of Gay's rivals. After all, the London Stock Exchange is not a closed corporation. Any one who has served his apprenticeship can become a member for a total cost of about £800.

THERE is no Stock Exchange in the U.S.S.R. because in that country there is no privately-owned industry. If the Labor Government lasts a full Parliamentary term, we shall see an important though limited extension of the public ownership which here is the exception but in Russia is the rule. Even so, it is well to remember that the overwhelming majority of the business firms in this country always have been, and still are, outside the sphere of the Labor Party's nationalization proposals altogether—proposals that affect no more than three or four industries, whereas the Stock Exchange lists quote 10,000 separate securities.

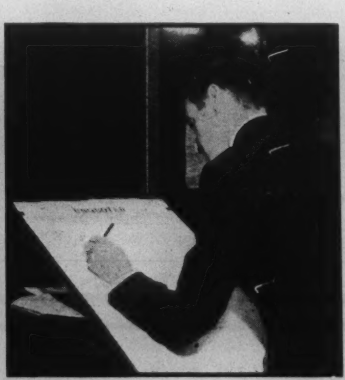
Main floor of London Stock Exchange which from the dome gallery looks like this showing the sub-divisions for different groups of shares.

"Blue buttons" may collect prices but cannot clinch deals.

Trouble for someone when "big shot" Council members meet.

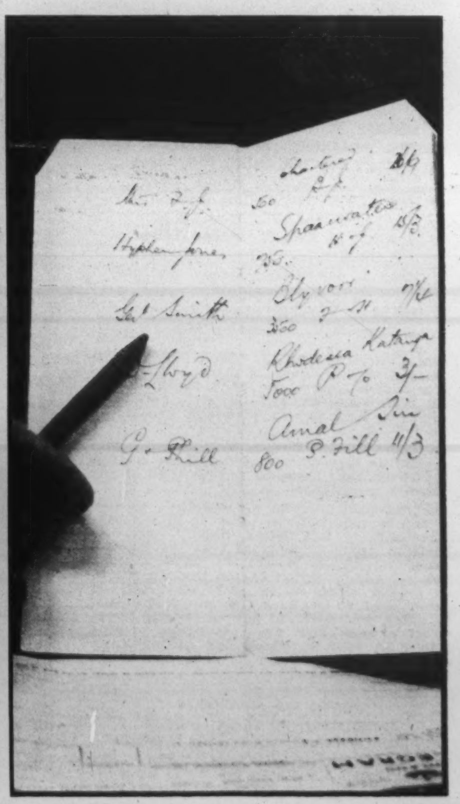
Settling room where brokers' and jobbers' clerks go to confirm records of transactions made verbally the previous day.

Numbered telephone booths to which brokers rush to take orders from clients.



As prices fluctuate from hour to hour, close record is kept.

Rattle sounds 15 minutes before closing to allow smoking to start.



Notebooks with simplest of entries supply only records even of big transactions.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Britain's Socialist Bureaucracy Throttles Personal Liberty

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

AS A resident of that benighted island across the Atlantic from 1927 until September last, may I be allowed to comment on the Lippmann-Armour question as raised by R. M. Coper (S.N., Mar. 15).

The supposition of Mr. Armour in his article (S.N., Mar. 1) is abundantly verified when the following facts are considered. Each Cabinet minister in the present socialist government of Britain is a virtual dictator. Few of them knew anything about their respective jobs before being appointed by their party and all have refused to take any advice from the learned men at the head of each profession.

A. Bevan refused to listen to the British Medical Council, deputations from the doctors, and the Master Builders who sent many delegations to him. E. Shinwell refused to listen to either miners or executives. Dalton refused to listen to some of the greatest merchants in the British Empire. Cripps is back on the platform of "Now the workers can seize control" and even those most level-headed Laborites, Ernest Bevin and Prime Minister Attlee, have gone berserk with the Foreign Policy to such an extent that even their own party — to the tune of some 200—have revolted against the disintegration of the British Empire.

Add the deplorable state of rationed bread to all the other ration cards, the continuation of the identity card system, a local council permit for everything one wants to do, say or think and you have the fine record of the worst British Government for many decades.

The nationalization of banking, transport, mines, and threats in all directions to do the same with all private enterprise including the press have crippled and divided the people as never before known in British history.

It took me seven months to get permission to return to Canada and I was subjected to every indignity by official after official of this bureaucratic state, filling in forms stating everything from the "why" to number of socks, collars, etc., I intended to take, before I was allowed to deal with Canadian Emigration H.Q. The Bank of England (now nationalized) started off by refusing to transfer any funds (mine, not the country's) until it was pointed out that their own Emergency Finance Act permitted certain withdrawals of personal estate although restricting the transfer of any business funds or capital.

National liberty has already disappeared, personal liberty almost.

The only point in Mr. Armour's premise which is not fully justified, is the guilt of the British public for their present plight. Consider these further facts: in the 1945 election no less than 250 socialist candidates entered Westminster as M.P.'s on a minority, the opposition having committed political hara-kiri by splitting the vote between Conservative, Liberal and Independent candidates. The Socialist party received only 38 per cent of the electorate's vote and polled less than 48 per cent of the votes cast. As 52 per cent of British voters were against the present régime and over 20 per cent of the electorate recorded no vote, it can hardly be assumed that the public are responsible "for a large share of the blame." Yet even in the wider sense, Mr. Armour is right as 48 per cent of the public is a "large share" though they represent a minority.

C. MCDONALD-OGDEN

Winnipeg Beach, Man.

SATURDAY NIGHT

THE CANADIAN WEEKLY

Established Dec., 1887

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SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: Canada, Great Britain and all other parts of British Empire $3.00 a year; $5.00 for two years; $7.00 for three years. All other countries, $1.00 for each year to be added to these prices. Newsstand price 10c a copy.

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Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.

Printed and published by
CONSOLIDATED PRESS LIMITED
73 Richmond Street W., Toronto 1, Canada

MONTREAL .... Birks Bldg.
VANCOUVER .... 815 W. Hastings St.
NEW YORK .... Room 512, 101 Park Ave.

E. R. Milling - Business Manager
C. T. Croucher - Assistant Business Manager
J. F. Foy - Circulation Director

Vol. 62, No. 32 Whole No. 2821

The Farm Wifie

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

YOUR editorial "Making Wifie Work" (S.N., March 29) was interesting, and meticulously logical in its financial conclusions. Nevertheless, I think that the home should come first and that a few extra dollars in the income picture are being unduly accented in these material days. For 90 out of every 100 girls, I think it is fair to say that if the young lady is not a success in the home, her chances of being either successful or content elsewhere are slight indeed.

Take the farm woman, for example. Now I realize that your editorial really drew a circle which left her out. As something upon which to build your thought, here's something from a recent story in my farm paper, when a writer looked into the final chapter of the Book of Proverbs for a picture of the ideal woman as mother and homemaker: "She seeketh wool and flax and worketh diligently with her hands... she bringeth her food from afar; she riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household and a portion to her maidens... she is not afraid of the snow, for her household are clothed with scarlet... she openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also and he praiseth her."

Yet, even in terms of the market-place, can you imagine the speed with which our agricultural tonnage would wither if denied the energies of the rural woman on the nation's 740,000 farms? Here is the steadiest unpaid worker in the Canadian scene!

Toronto, Ont. W.P.D.

Native Playwrights

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

MR. COULTER says (S.N., March 22) that "hundred grand plays are waiting for Canadians who will write them, but if there were a great Canadian play, would Canadians bother to stage it." The Community Players, of which I am the Chairman, exists for the purpose of encouraging Canadian playwrighting, acting and directing talent. This month we are staging the first performance anywhere of "For Valour," an original play, on a purely Canadian theme by the well-known Canadian author, Horace Brown. The talent is indigenous. I feel that this play will meet many of the requirements that Mr. Coulter sets in his timely article. The Community Players is always interested in new plays and will be glad if aspiring or established writers would submit manuscripts to us at the following address — 793½ Manning Avenue, Toronto.

Toronto, Ont. C. V. RICH

Augean Stables

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN today's press we see the headline "Attlee Advises: 'Give up high salaries for useless work and strengthen essential industries with manpower'."

What a laugh, coming from the head of a government that has more bureaucrats doing useless work on its pay list than ever before in Britain's history! And the principal occupation of a large percentage of these parasites is to so regiment and embarrass essential industry as to substantially curtail its production.

Mr. Attlee could well take his own advice and clean out his own Augean stables.

Hamilton, Ont. F. KENTON

Radio and Emigration

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

MR. J. Fitzallan, (S. N., March 22) makes a most interesting point. All of us are vitally concerned with the flow of young Canadians to the United States and in doing what we can to stem this tide.

It is curious that Mr. Fitzallan should have singled out the radio industry to take responsibility for a national problem, especially so in that Mr. Fitzallan's home town of Vegreville, Alberta, lies within the signal of CJCA, Edmonton. This station recently won a Beaver Award (the Oscar of Canadian radio) for distinguished service in the field of promoting distinctive Canadianism and Canadian unity.

There is not space here to enumerate others who program along similar lines.

The underlying reasons for Canadian emigration to the States are a matter for considerable study and probably lie more in the field of investigation, policy and action, by government and business than in the hands of any one industry. Radio, freely acknowledging its own responsibility, must point out that other media of information and education have also that responsibility. To the extent that it is ours, radio has for some time past vigorously accepted the challenge and is doing at least as much as any group in the country to promote the distinctive Canadian pattern and Canadian unity.

Toronto, Ont. HARRY DAWSON
Canadian Assn. of Broadcasters

Ernest Terah Hooley

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

LONDON Letter's report of the death of Ernest Terah Hooley (S.N., March 22) reminds one that, in the mid nineties, when driving through the village of Risely in Derbyshire someone in the party would repeat the old story of the choir there singing "Hooley! Hooley! Hooley! Lord God Almighty", but I never heard the story given as originating in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Before becoming a company promoter, and making his millions, Hooley was a lace draftsman and was known in the Lace Market in Nottingham. In those days he called at the office of our family business and solicited orders for his designs. Later a lawyer's clerk helped him with his knowledge of the company laws and remained with him for many successful years. It was said he bought Bovril Limited for £3 million, refloated the company for £5 million, and then offered to give to Westminster Abbey a complete set of gold Altar vessels. The offer was not accepted.

After his bankruptcy the estate of Papworth in Huntingdon was kept in the family; it could not be proved to belong to Hooley. Some years ago it was acquired by a graduate of St. John's, Cambridge, and the house and part of the grounds are now famous as a home and craft institute for patients who have been discharged as cured by other establishments but who are recommended to live in the open as much as possible.

Kootenay, B.C. A. W. LYMBERY

Passing Show

By S. P. TYLER

AN INCREASE in admission prices to many of Ottawa's amusement centres was announced recently, but no mention was made of any change in arrangements respecting the Parliamentary buildings.

•

It is announced that Toronto will soon have its own board of moral censors to pass judgment on books, plays and movies. Another idea rumored to be under consideration is the introduction of a Sunday every day.

•

A visiting stage star from New York is reported to have said in an interview, "Canada is very dear to me." We would like to assure the lady that, to Canadians, the place is getting dearer all the time.

•

A young lady, describing to the press her life in the far north, said that a wolf will turn away if stared at long enough. We propose to try this out next time the income-tax inspector makes a call.

•

Long Distance

The President of the British Society of Metaphysicians believes that we shall soon be able to pick up the telephone and talk to the dead in the next world. We see no objection to the arrangement, so long as our departed friends do not press us unduly to pay an early visit.

•

In a discussion on the limited capacity of college students to comprehend their professors, Dr. Bergen Evans of Northwestern University says, "If you hold a pint glass under Niagara Falls, you will get only a pint of water." However, examination results also reveal that some of the students are all wet.

•

A new sound-generating instrument not only imitates the musical tones of all instruments, but also creates a number of new ones. This is reported as a new discovery, but we suspect the secret has long been known by many enthusiastic amateurs in our home-town brass band.

A financial bulletin reported that the Canadian dollar, on the New York open market, fell to nearly 90 cents. The lady of the house informs us that this is still a long way from the depths it has sounded at her local grocery store.

•

A Windsor husband was acquitted of assaulting his wife, who explained to the Court that he was a wrestler and liked to hear her bones crack. As a wife, the good lady is unquestionably a cracker-jack.

•

The strong objections voiced recently to the semi-nude females of our national funnies indicate that many readers consider these young ladies to be anything but comic strips.

•

Saucy!

A squirt gun is now on the market which pumps out from the bottle a rational amount of ketchup for your cold meat plate. This is better than spooning the stuff back after the bottle has emptied itself in a fit of temper.

•

The lifting of meat rationing restrictions is not believed to have been a contributing factor to the behavior of a Toronto lady charged with biting a policeman.

•

From a blurb on the jacket of a mystery thriller:

"Sadie March, a beautiful blonde with a weakness for other women's husbands, is discovered submerged in a swimming pool and completely dead."

This should, at least, completely dampen her ardor for such goings-on.

•

A Manitoba bridegroom is reported to have fainted into the arms of his bride just as his turn came round to say, "I will." Intending bridegrooms are warned that the incident served no useful purpose as the ceremony was completed when the fellow recovered consciousness.

•

From a popular music magazine: "The family piano has not improved fundamentally over the last half century."

Why not try removing the wires?

•

"Fortunate little Switzerland," says a writer, "does not know what war is." But look at all the peace she is missing.

"Dean" of the trust business in Canada, Mr. W. G. Watson, Vice-President and General Manager of the Toronto General Trusts, was recently tendered a dinner by the President and Directors on the fiftieth anniversary of his association with the corporation. His contribution to the T.G.T. has been generally acclaimed, but his outside interests are also important: President of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra; council member of the Toronto Art Gallery; a staunch churchman; youth work.

The Front Page

(Continued from Page One)

they were not being sufficiently careful. Unfortunately the organized workers are now affording a lot of evidence that they also are not sufficiently careful of the general interests of the state.

It is to be noted that the power of the organized capital-owners was not based upon their votes; it was economic power. Similarly the power of the organized workers is not based upon their votes; it is also economic power — the power of their organizations to paralyze the economic processes of the nation. If they use that power without due regard to the interests of the state, the state will have to step in and check them, or it will cease to be a state.

The organized owners of capital had as a rule little ambition to use their power for any other purpose than their own financial benefit, which as a rule was not incompatible with the general benefit of the state. The organized workers, on the other hand, are notoriously to some extent in the hands of the leaders who desire to use their power for the benefit of some other state than that to which they belong. This is not an endurable condition, and unless the organized workers can rid themselves of this kind of leadership the state will be compelled to diminish very sharply the powers which their organizations enjoy. To some extent — the extent to which they rest on force and intimidation — those powers are illegitimate anyhow, and should have been pruned long ago. But the important thing is that the new owners of power should learn, as all their predecessors from the feudal barons down have had to learn, that power in any human society is not an absolute possession but a trust, and will infallibly be lost if it is used in such a way as to contravene the general interests of the society.

A GLEN CHILD'S PRAYER

NOW God be thanked for a rush-dip near
When night falls dark and the wind is drear;

And to Mother Mary our thanks, as well,
For blessings that round this cottage dwell;

For the rustling straw on which we sleep
And the friendly mice that round us creep;

For knowing the drip o' the thatch can't wet
The corner where our wee bed is set;

For the birds that sing from that mouldy thatch,
And the broken door that needs no latch;

For our brindled cow with her twisty horn
And a donkey that thrives on prickly thorn;

A pot on the hob, a clean-swept hearth,
And rushes to soften the hard-packed earth,

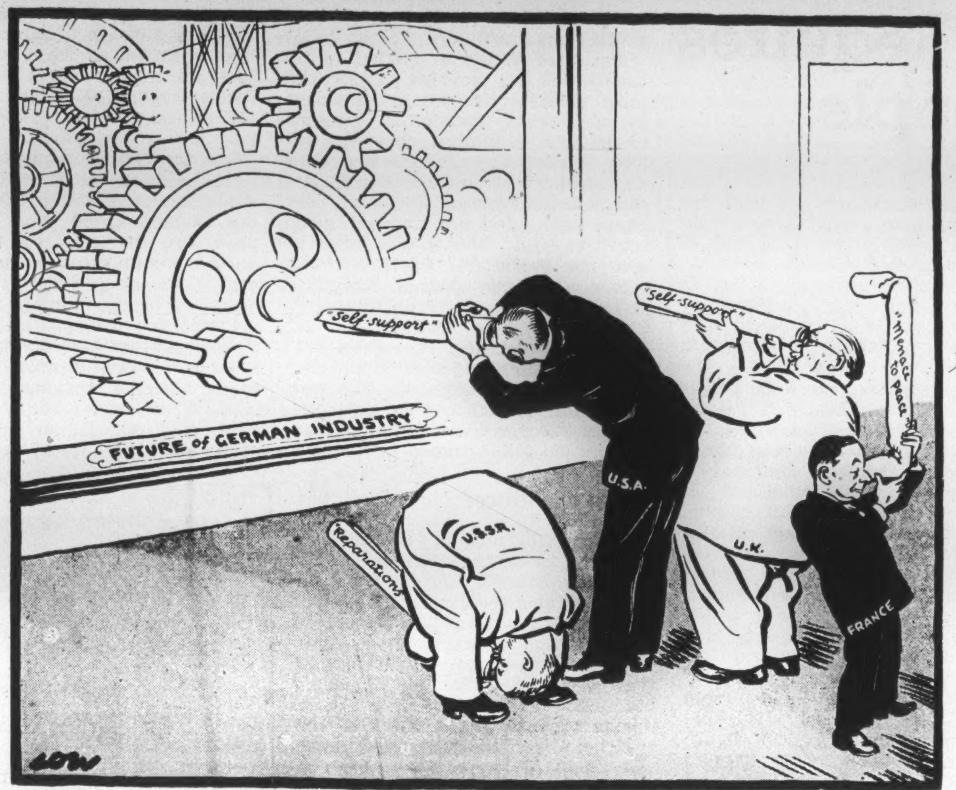
And free-going feet that have no use
For socks of wool and bothersome shoes;

For good skimmed milk on our oaten meal,
And no worrisome gold for thieves to steal;

For the Word to read and this prayer to speak
And a taste of meat most once a week;

For all these blessings we thank Thee when
We think of this suffering world. . . Amen!

ARTHUR STRINGER



IT ALL DEPENDS ON HOW YOU LOOK AT IT

How Is Your Greek?

IT IS a very serious deprivation for any man or woman of literary taste not to be able to "enjoy" the Iliad and the Odyssey; and they cannot be enjoyed without some acquaintance with Greek. Obviously it is a deprivation which will have to be endured by a pretty large majority, even of persons of literary taste, in this century in which there are so many other things needing to be studied besides the "dead" languages. Nevertheless it is amazing how small a knowledge of Greek will suffice to make the Iliad enjoyable in the original with the aid of a good translation.

Persons to whom that enjoyment is accessible will find it much enhanced by an aid to the study of the poem as a structural whole, a well designed and proportioned work of art, such as can be obtained from "The Story of the Iliad" by E. T. Owen, Professor of Greek in University College, Toronto (Clarke Irwin, $2.50). Prepared originally as a series of lectures for students in Classics, this book will be even more valuable for those, if there are any such, who still retain just enough of their Greek to get on with the story in that language, but have reached an age when they no longer have to concentrate on those parts of the epic which will get them marks in an examination.

Like Shakespeare, Homer can be fully appreciated only by those who understand the mechanism by which his product was delivered to its audience. He was the Sunday sermon and the daily comic strip of a society which lacked both of those forms of communication but was in many ways quite as alert and idea-hungry as our own. With Professor Owen we practically sit at the dinner parties at which the successive "books" were recited—and at which, we gravely suspect, the wine-jar was passed around every time it was mentioned by the bard. The only thing wrong with the book is its title, which suggests the sort of digest that is designed to tell an American all he needs to know about the Iliad in a "reading-time" of twelve and a half minutes.

Police and the Law

THERE will be a good deal of protest from the Left concerning the extension of the functions of the Ontario provincial police force into a growing number of municipalities which are "renting" the force's services in lieu of maintaining a police of their own. The protest is due to the fact that the Leftists believe, not without some justification, that they can exercise more influence in municipalities where there is a large labor vote (which means a large amount of factory industry and a possibility of industrial strife) than they can in the provincial Legislature.

It is extremely unfortunate that this question should come to a head at a moment when there is more distrust of the impartiality of the police as between different economic classes than at any previous time in the history of the country. We do not think that this distrust is due to any misuse of the police, who have indeed been withheld from their proper use as enforcers of the law on many recent occasions because it was feared that such enforcement would be unpopular with large sections of the local community and would lead to widespread resistance. It is due to the growth, largely at the instigation of extreme Leftists in the labor organizations, of new doctrines as to the nature of property rights in industrial establishments, doctrines which have not yet attained statutory recognition but which may quite conceivably come to do so at no distant date; in the meanwhile labor is strongly inclined to believe them valid and to resent the enforcement of the older doctrines of the absolute rights of the property owner when they conflict with the new doctrines of the special and overriding rights of the "accredited bargaining agency". Whether the appropriate legislative authorities will have the courage in the near future to tackle this conflict and resolve it so as to provide the police with a workable law to enforce is distressingly doubtful, and in Canada there is even some doubt as to which of the legislative authorities has the constitutional power to deal with it.

Organized labor claims the right of the accredited bargaining agency to close the property of the industrial unit to which it is accredited. No such right exists as yet in law, and it is quite impossible to conceive of a police force of any description being instructed to protect a picket line in its efforts to effect such a closing. The objective of the Left is to prevent the police from being used to protect the owners in their efforts to keep control of their own property, so that the issue may be determined by force, with which the accredited bargaining agency is usually well supplied. The real question is not what police force shall be used to maintain the law, but what shall be the law which the police force shall maintain; and while an over-hasty settlement of this question might lead (as over-hasty labor legislation has done in the United States) to governments finding themselves in positions from which they would have to withdraw, the prolonged delay in arriving at any settlement is fast undermining the general respect for law and for the police as its maintainers.

Uncertain Trumpet

EDUCATIONAL theory is rightly derived from psychology, but for that very reason it cannot be empirical and final. Psychology is not an objective science like botany or chemistry. The observed "facts" are seen through a subjective screen; the mind of the observer. The best that can be said of the principles is that they are probably true.

Freud's probabilities are not Jung's, though based on the same observations, and Dewey is more than an echo of William James. He is a disciple with a difference. New theories rise, are exploited in class-rooms and often reveal signs of errancy when so tested. So, in education, the radicals blow an uncertain trumpet. Often the devotees are confusing themselves and their pupils as well.

If education were only the acquisition of knowledge the radicals' trumpet-note might be more sure. But it is infinitely more. The pupil daily is forming habits of thought and action that will determine his adult usefulness to himself and society. The problems of life and labor are solved by men and women who have learned concentration and self-discipline. If they have had little or no practice in school they will learn only by sweat and tears—if they ever learn.

Students who have had twelve or thirteen years of sweetness and light, who have been perpetually patted on the back and catered to, are likely to be bewildered when they face real life. University professors in these days are uneasy when they look at their freshmen classes. "Immature material," they say. Some who have never learned to work and to lean on themselves alone cheerfully register for an honors course. Soon they are "transferred to the pass course;" they seem to lack the imagination, the ambition, the habit, necessary. The professors do not trouble to entertain them, and naturally they are lost.

Recently in Toronto more than a thousand children of from 14 to 17 years of age defied authority, both of school and home, by going on strike, in the silly belief that they must have their own way though the heavens fall. What kind of citizens will they be five or ten years hence? And if sentimentality is to replace firm discipline in the secondary schools—in accord with the latest novelty in psychology—the prospect is alarming.

Level of Debate

MR. A. A. MacLEOD of Bellwoods pulled a neat trick when he was the first—and so far the only—member of the Legislature of Ontario to apologize for his part in the unsavory debate on the subject of dogs and rats which occurred last week. He thus put himself and his party, the Communists, on the side of order and seemliness in the conduct of debate and left the Government somewhat hopelessly tied up to the practice of using abusive language. The net profit, however, seems likely to go to the Liberals and the C.C.F., who have been sitting quietly on the sidelines watching the Government and the Communists exchanging rhetorical garbage.

When the Government decided to print an official Hansard of the debates of the Legislature, a decision which had our unqualified approval, we rather expected that one consequence would be a distinct tightening up of the application of the rules of order. This expectation has certainly not been fulfilled, and we have a good deal of sympathy with Mr. Belanger of Prescott, when he points out that these long-continued wrangles are now costing the province quite a tidy sum for printing. Mr. Belanger was speaking in the budget debate, and therefore had to confine himself to the financial cost; but the same wrangles are also costing the Legislature and the Government quite a lot by diminishing the respect entertained for them by the people of Ontario, and that is a cost which they cannot recoup by merely adding something to the taxes.

Nicholas Ignatieff

OLDER readers of this weekly will take a special interest in the appointment of Nicholas Ignatieff to succeed J. Burgon Bickersteth as Warden of Hart House in the University of Toronto. Between 1928 and 1938 Mr. Ignatieff was an almost constant contributor to our columns, where his writings were valued because of his remarkable sense of the capabilities of the Canadian half-continent and his realization of the social policies which were needed for the development of those capabilities. The father of Nicholas was a Russian Count who belonged to the most progressive and intellectual group in the old aristocracy, and his grandfather was for many years Russian ambassador at Constantinople. Nicholas and several brothers escaped from Russia to Canada in 1917 with their father, who died recently in the province of Quebec; all the brothers have attained distinction in one line or another. We have no doubt whatever that Mr. Ignatieff will carry on with the utmost success the traditions established by his predecessor, which have made of the Wardenship one of the great positions of the university world.

ENEMIES, OFFICIALLY

THE Ministers who in Parliament sit
Aver with little ruth
That Hon'ble Gentlemen Opposite
Are allergic to the truth,
And they, in courteous turn, declare,
What time they are attacked
That the daily practice "over there"
Is distortion of the fact.
And the Clerk and the graceful Sergeant-at-Arms just smile.
They have heard that sort of thing for a good long while.

But down at the Club they don't repine.
The gentle accusers meet
To dampen tonsils before they dine
And quell their erstwhile heat.
An Oppositionist tells a tale,
And a Minister receives it
Without declaring it dull and stale,
And often even *believes* it.
And the Clerk and the graceful Sergeant-at-Arms—at ease—
Just smile at the waiter and say, "The usual, please!"

J. E. M.

Yukon Growth Requires More Mines, People

By WALLACE HUNT

The postwar period has brought tremendous expansion to the Yukon. The destiny of the territory lies with mining, and activity there is the greatest in 40 years. Many of Canada's mining companies are attempting to establish lode mining industries, since they are more lasting than the placer properties. If such a mine could be found, the Yukon's economy would be revolutionized.

Lying almost dormant are immense lumbering and agricultural possibilities but the establishment of major mines is necessary to encourage their development. The climate, which is similar to that of Southern Manitoba, will not be a handicap to the Yukon's expansion.

Dawson City, Y.T.

CANADA'S land of opportunity is the north-west, that vast subcontinent which lies to the north and north-west of Edmonton. Not only does it possess the shortest route to the Orient and thus holds promise of becoming a major commercial route to the world's largest undeveloped market but here, in the Peace River area, there are tremendous undeveloped agricultural lands. Here, in the Athabaska country, at Norman Wells, at Yellowknife and for hundreds of miles in all directions of this booming new gold town, are unlimited oil and mining possibilities. This is Canada's land of tomorrow.

But where in the pattern of tomorrow will the Yukon fit? Is it to form an important part of the pattern or will progress pass it by? To find the answers to these questions I recently visited this romantic land which gave birth to the immortal poems of Robert Service and such celebrities as Klondike Kate and the Lady known as Lou.

To open the door to prosperity, the Yukon must open the door to a larger population. And the key which will unlock the door is mining, that same industry which gave the Yukon its past prosperity. That key is primarily a gold one, with splatters of silver, copper and lead, but it wouldn't take much to change the emphasis from gold to any one of the other three minerals.

Here, in a territory which has an area four times that of the three Maritime provinces combined and which is only slightly smaller in area than each of the three prairie provinces, are less than 5,000 people who live here permanently. These are concentrated almost entirely in Dawson City, Whitehorse and Mayo, three widely-separated communities in between which are thousands of square miles teeming with mining, tourist, forestry and agricultural possibilities. They are resources which, if developed, could support many times the present population.

Going to waste is timber which Dominion government experts estimate is in quantity sufficient for enough lumber to be cut annually to build 5,000 to 10,000 six-room houses. Lying dormant is land which other federal experts figure would provide 5,000 fertile 100-acre farms. However, the only one of these industries which could be economically developed independently of mining is tourism.

Mining Comes First

At the present stage of the Yukon's development, both forestry and agriculture must hitch themselves to mining and follow along behind, not try to lead it. The only markets for the produce of the land and the forests are the mines. Both agriculture and forestry have difficulty even under the present economic structure of the territory to compete, in certain cases, with goods imported from British Columbia. For produce from the Yukon to enter markets outside of the territory a stage of development will be required which hasn't yet been clearly visioned.

All of which brings us to the question: What then for Yukon mining? Where is it going? The Yukon was a major mining camp long before Canada was ever seriously considered to be one of the world's great mineral storehouses. The peak of its production was reached during the years 1898 to 1904 when the gold output was $103,525,000 or close to three-quarters of Canada's total production for those seven years.

But time has been unkind to an area which has provided possibly the most colorful chapter in Canadian history, and though it remains essentially a mining camp it has long ranked as nothing more than one of the lesser of the Dominion's camps. Gold output gradually declined after 1904 until a year after the first Great War it was down to less than $2,000,000. By 1924 it was below a million dollars annually, and it took $35 gold to up the trend. By 1938 it was back above the $2,000,000 mark and the war's outbreak in 1939 found the annual output to be over $3,000,000. The war halted the revival and by 1944 production was back down again under the million-dollar figure.

What of Future?

Which brings us up to date and back again to the question: What about the future? Many of Canada's major mining companies are right now trying to find the answer to that question by exploring possibilities in widely-separated districts of the territory. The hunt started before the last war and slowed down during the war years, but 1945 and 1946 have seen the pace accelerated.

A Sudbury or a Trail, even a Geraldton or Val D'Or, found in the Yukon would revolutionize the territory's entire economy, and such companies as Smelters, Nickel, Bralorne, Ventures, Britannia, Coniagas and Frobisher to mention a few, are searching for anything they can find whether it be gold or base metals. The new silver boom which has returned that famous Ontario silver camp Cobalt to prominence during the past year is focussing attention on the Yukon's silver-lead camp at Mayo. There the Ventures-Frobisher team, looking for silver anywhere, are starting production at their Keno Hill mine.

The postwar hunt already has reached near-boom proportions and joining in are many of the little fellows, including ex-servicemen and war workers returning to pre-war haunts. They are independent operators who, if they make a lode find, must turn it over to a company to be financed. If they find a rich placer gold location they'll usually try to work it privately, as capital expenditures relatively are so small compared to lode mining.

The small operators represent a colorful, but relatively unimportant, part of the Yukon mining picture, and there'll be little change in this status unless they again reach comparable numbers to those of the rush days in 1898-1904. The odds are heavily against this, though, a prime reason being that the bulk of the known placer sands of the territory are controlled by a single operator, the Yukon Gold Corporation. The known Yukon reserves, incidentally, are estimated to contain as much and probably a lot more than the $212,013,053 of gold produced in the past, a figure which is twice as great as all of Canada's 1945 total.

Yukon Gold recovers its gold with dredges, which mine more ground in a day than a dozen men could in a year. These were down to three in number during the war but are back to six this year, and as labor becomes available others will be returned to work until there are nine or ten. Known reserves of the company are enough to last 10 dredges from 15 to 25 years, and the company has additional sands which never have been appraised.

Smaller Companies

Smaller companies are swinging into action too, and probably by next summer the Yukon will be enjoying its biggest placer activity since the Klondike rush days. Clear Creek Placers have started a new dredge and two other companies are building new outfits.

Yukon Gold Placers, a Toronto-financed company, next season will have two dredges working. This company recently acquired the Yukon interests of the late Senator A. D. McRae and others. Sunshine Mining Co., the largest silver producer in the U.S., has sold its Yukon holdings to Yukon Explorations Ltd. who expect to have a dredge working in 1947.

In lode gold, Yukon Gold Corporation has a property which long has been regarded as the territory's best prospect, the Lone Star on the Klondike. General Manager W. H. S. McFarland told me "it will be either very big or very small."

The biggest success in lode mining in the past has been with silver. It was discovered first in 1906, just as the Klondike gold rush passed its peak, and production started in 1913 and has continued on a varying scale each year since. Total output to date has reached nearly $21,000,000.

Principal production was for about 10 years after World War I from Keno Hill where Ventures and Frobisher now are working, but a drop in the silver price resulted in a shutdown and only small tonnages of high-grade ore were shipped for years. Some fabulously rich pockets have been found, running as high as 1,000 or more ounces a ton. Two hundred to 300 ounces a ton is very common.

Base metals never have figured very prominently in the Yukon's mining picture in the past, though they could hold important possibilities. Lead and copper have been produced, the former to the extent of some $4,400,000, mostly from the Mayo district, and copper to the value of nearly $3,000,000 principally from near Whitehorse.

Large lode mines would be a blessing to the Yukon, as they run the year round whereas the placer operations average only about 130 days a year closing entirely during the winter. They would also help to bring down living costs, which

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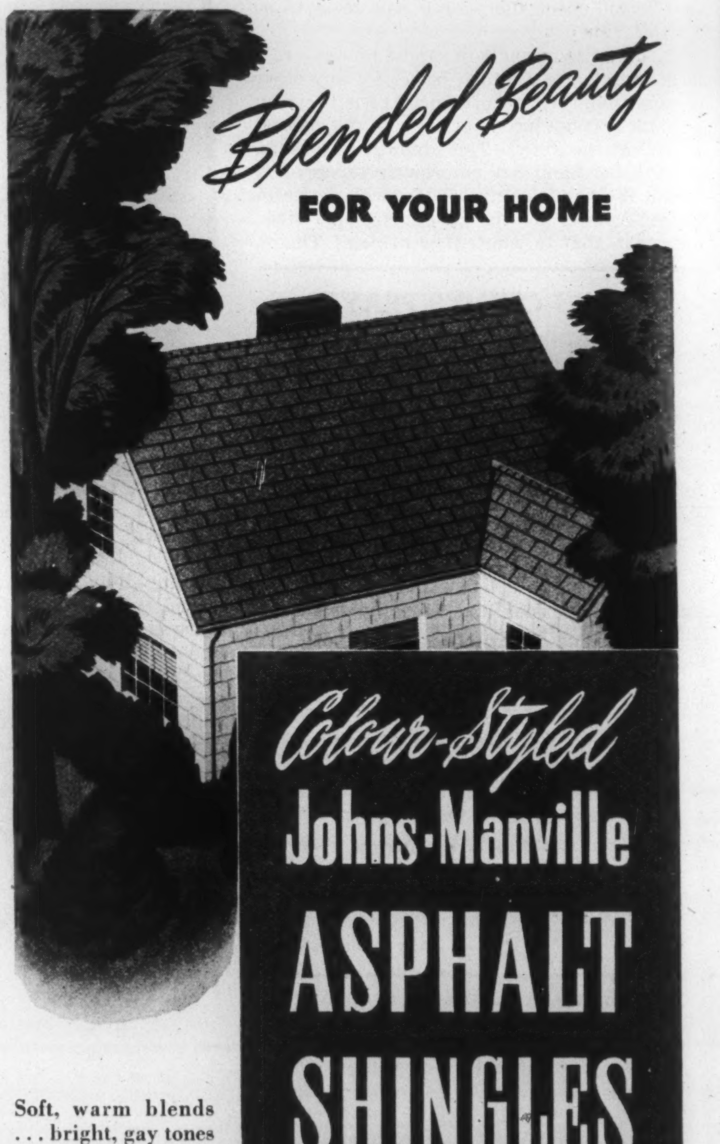

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are much higher here than anywhere else in Canada.

Mr. D. E. Gilliland, a bank manager at Dawson City, told me he figures it costs him about 2½ times as much to live as when he was in Vancouver. He says the food bill for a family with two children is about $150 a month, a five-room bungalow costs $12,000 to build in normal times.

Torontonians who grumble at 16 cents for a quart of milk would grumble a lot louder in Dawson City where the price is 25 cents. Bread is the same, 25 cents for an 18-ounce loaf, and butter is 80 cents a pound, and eggs are the same amount for a dozen.

Dawson people, though, are by no means impoverished. To the contrary, Mr. Gilliland told me he thought the per capita income for the town is probably among the highest of any town or city in Canada.

The reason for the high living costs is the expensive transportation. All manufactured goods and most raw materials come from Vancouver. That involves a boat haul to Skagway, Alaska, a rail haul for 110 miles to Whitehorse and another boat haul 400 miles down the river to Dawson. In the winter the Whitehorse-Dawson trip is made by tractor. Perishables are flown either from Vancouver or Edmonton, where daily service operates to Whitehorse and bi-weekly to Dawson.

The Yukon has some possibilities for development which are entirely divorced from mining. Here Whitehorse enters the picture, for it is the Yukon terminus of the Alaska highway, "oilhead" for the Norman oilfield 500 miles north-east in the Northwest Territories, and the air hub of that part of the continent lying north of 60 degrees and west of 130 degrees.

Little Prospect

The oil pipeline is shut down and there is little prospect of any activity in the near future. But Whitehorse's airport, a top-ranking field both for size and strategic location, unquestionably will be one of the main bases in the air route to the Orient. This at the moment is in its infancy, but as it grows—so grows Whitehorse.

The economic importance of the Alaska highway to the Yukon which runs across the southern part of the territory and through Whitehorse on its way to Fairbanks, has faded since the war's end. It might always be maintained as a military road if nothing else, but its best chance for survival seems to hinge on mining. It taps potentially wealthy mineral country and already some prospectors have taken advantage of the chance to hunt in country never before readily accessible.

The highway is vaguely mentioned in connection with tourism, but the distance from Edmonton, about 1,500 miles, discounts this. Yukon tourism, though, is growing via the airlanes of the south. Biggame hunters regard the territory as the North American paradise for moose, bear, caribou, mountain goat and the mountain sheep which world-famous hunter Michael Lerner claims is the hardest of any animal anywhere to stalk and kill.

Whitehorse is the outfitting and starting point for the big-game hunters. Another tourist attraction is the romantic trip by quaint sternwheelers down the Yukon River from Whitehorse to Dawson, very popular before the war and likely to be more attractive now with Whitehorse more easily reached by air.

Annexation of the Yukon by British Columbia may soon be a live issue again. An agreement reached in 1937 for British Columbia to take over from the Dominion was postponed until after action on the Rowell commission report. Since that report appears to be in the discard, the fiscal deal which the Dominion is now negotiating with the provinces apparently substitutes for it. Hence, if, and when Victoria and Ottawa get together on that deal, presumably the question of the Yukon's future will be settled.

Proponents of annexation see the territory's development speeded up. It is true that more direct administration of its affairs would then be possible, but on the other hand British Columbia has a busy future ahead in order to develop all the virgin area within its own boundaries without concerning itself about the Yukon.

Regardless of whether the territory goes forward alone, under the watchful eye of Ottawa, or as a part of British Columbia, there seems little doubt that the postwar period is going to see expansion which may equal, if not exceed, anything else the territory has enjoyed previously. And mark this. Unlike the mad boom of 1898-1904 or the hectic wartime expansion resulting from the Alaska highway and airfield construction, the development will be orderly. Thus it promises to be more lasting.

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MALCOLM L. DOUGLAS, president of John B. Stetson Company (Canada) Ltd., Brockville, Ont., who was elected president of the Hat Research Foundation of Canada at the annual meeting held recently in Montreal. Other officers: W. J. Tiller, hon. president; W. F. Franke, vice-president; R. Roy McMurtry, K.C., secretary.

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OTTAWA LETTER

Do Most Canadians Really Want More Government Intervention?

By WILFRID EGGLESTON

Ottawa.

THE most carefully reasoned and most moderate plea for an early return to the largest possible area of freedom in the Canadian economy was delivered on the final day of the pre-Easter session by the member for Muskoka (J. A. Macdonnell). The applause when he sat down came from all quarters of the House. It included those who had already taken diametrically opposed stands and could be read only as a tribute to the statesmanlike level on which the principles were outlined and advocated. Mr. Macdonnell accepted from the outset the presumption that all members were essentially pursuing the same objective, much as their means of attaining that goal might differ.

Yet despite the skill and urbanity of his plea, one could not help feeling that Mr. Macdonnell sensed that he was on the defensive, and that the views he was expressing were those of a minority, not only in the House but in the country as a whole. He was pleading for the preservation of human liberties against the growing encroachment of the power of governments, for the restoration of individual incentives and maximum production of goods and services under a free economy; and yet there was an undertone of conviction that what he was saying was probably falling upon deaf ears.

For good or evil, the experience which Canada suffered between 1929 and 1939, coupled with the accomplishments of the same country under controls from 1939 to 1946, seem to have left the general public lukewarm to proposals for any very sweeping experiment with the restoration of such things as the untrammeled law of supply and demand, the free market price system, or the profit incentives of free enterprise. Even when such proposals are carefully modified and qualified, as they were by Mr. Macdonnell, there is little enthusiasm. A lover of freedom may deplore it, but honesty compels one to record it.

Experiments in Paternalism

There is, of course, a very considerable body of people in this country gravely concerned over the implications of state planning and the growth of government intervention, but the masses appear apathetic when they are not positively inclined toward further experiments in paternalism and state controls. The farmer, once believed to be incurably individualistic, now wants ceilings and guarantees and social protection if he can get it, and is apparently not too worried about the cost of security in terms of human freedom. The worker has become cynical about high-sounding phrases, and seems ready to endorse policies which seem likely to protect him against uncertainties of employment and remuneration, even if they come high in terms of discipline. The present House of Commons echoes and votes in harmony with these widely-held sentiments.

"What we want," said Mr. Macdonnell, expressing the view of what is possibly a more discerning minority, "is as much freedom as we can have." He denied that the Progressive Conservative party wanted to go back to the pre-war days of depression and unemployment.

Acceptance of Changes

"We accept," he said, "as everyone accepts, the fact that there have been great changes since that time . . . In the first place we have grown to accept a measure of social security and social services that was not accepted then. Second, we have grown to accept the measure of taxation which is necessary to maintain those social services. Third, I would point out — and I go back to what I said about freedom—that freedom is never absolute.

"The other day our own party went on record in favor of certain floor prices. We recognize that in the thirties the farmers were left exposed to the full force of the blizzard while other people were able to get some shelter, at any rate."

Of planning, Mr. Macdonnell said he could understand, he thought, why planning was attractive, because that was planning for other people that was in mind, not planning for ourselves. He thought there was little difference of view between the several parties in the House on the importance of increasing the volume and efficiency of production. As for the importance of incentives, farmers in particular understood that, "because after all if there is any man in the world who has an incentive, it is the farmer, who works and gets the fruits of his own labor under his own vine and fig tree."

Planned economy, the member for Muskoka pointed out, meant armies of civil servants. He quoted Canadian and British figures of the increase since the outbreak of war. He quoted the member for Stanstead about the British situation, where "this huge mass of officials has invaded office buildings in a flood, so that not only are they themselves withdrawn from useful work, but they are actually an obstruction to other people who do productive work."

Planned economy, Mr. Macdonnell added, meant a few people at the top and a mass of civil servants to carry out their will. It implied that you had comprehensive wisdom at the top, "which, I maintain, just does not exist." Then you had to have the planning carried out, and "if certain decisions are arrived at regarding labor, then I think it is quite clear you cannot have collective bargaining." The Labor Government in Britain had recently told the weekly papers of opinion, like the *New Statesman* and *Nation*, to stop publication for a time.

The Planning Path Is Long

"When you start planning, where do you go? It seems to me that inevitably you drift into the position where you must begin to play the part of Providence . . . I am just pointing out that when we start this planning business we start on a path which takes us far." The member for Muskoka contended that "we come to the point where we are making criminals out of our citizens." His reference was to the black market which had grown up under the ceiling on used cars.

Planning meant controls and these controls had to be enforced, or it makes a fool of every one, Mr. Macdonnell insisted. This over-all planning "with its thousands of officials which enter into the people's daily lives" apparently, from what Mr. Strachey had said, "justifies the use of something like *agents provocateurs* in order to find infractions of the regulations."

The Canadian businessman was warmly defended. "The ordinary businessman is interested primarily in doing a good job. He is interested in making profit, of course. I remember one businessman who was doing a very good job. He was turning out the best article he could at the lowest price. He used to say that if a man did a good enough job and did it well enough, he would make a profit. That man was interested primarily in doing a good job, and I suggest that that is true of most manufacturers."

He agreed there were flaws and failures in the system, which ought to be called the "profit and loss" system rather than the "profit" system. Competition was often blunted, and those who believe in the private enterprise system would have to see that there was real competition; or in those cases where a monopoly or near monopoly was the sane and sensible thing, as in the telephone business, there should be regulations. Freedom was consistent with efficient production; if the system could be kept free, if we could have competition, if we could have a system whereby individual energy and all the other incentives that can be applied could be brought to bear and put to the fullest use along with regulations where they are necessary. "That is where we get the incentive; that is how we shall get the production; and then we shall get the social security that we all desire."

It was not a flaming speech likely to inspire a crusade toward a new Canada; but, by and large, it was probably the ablest defence of the private enterprise system voiced so far in this parliament.

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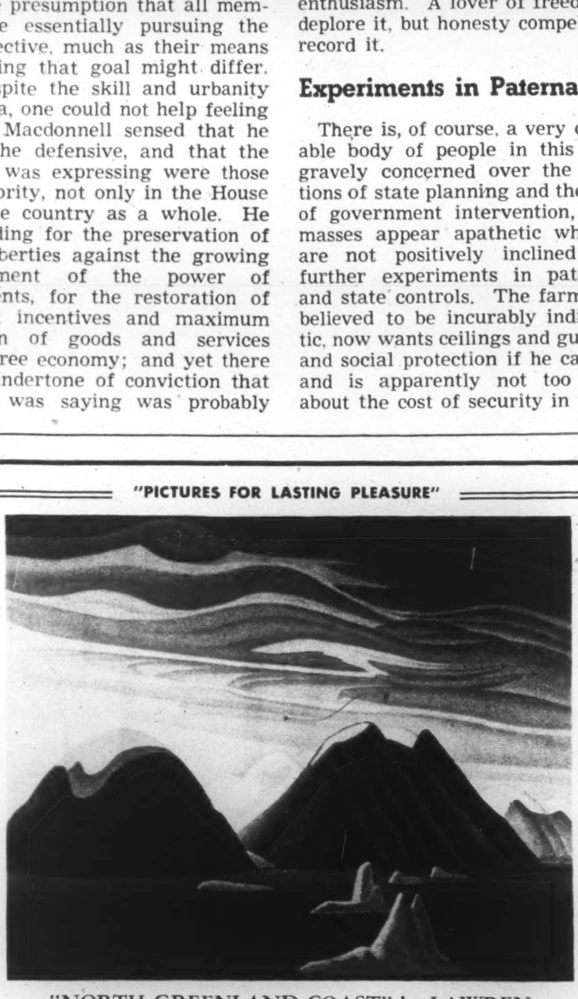

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WASHINGTON LETTER

Truman's Readiness and Ability to Tackle Crises Are Growing

By JAY MILLER

Washington.

THE little man from Missouri who was accused for so long of being too small for the job has confounded his critics. He has demonstrated that he is right on top of his job. And doing very nicely, thank you.

Harry Truman is being mentioned in flattering terms by newspaper and magazine writers; a few months ago they were lambasting him unmercifully. The man who couldn't open his mouth without putting his foot in it now watches his accusers eat their words.

The Democrats aren't talking about it yet—and that's official from Gael Sullivan, new Democratic National chairman—but the slogan that won the election for the Republicans, "Had Enough?" is now being directed right back at the G.O.P. It's too far ahead of the 1948 presidential election for the Administration forces to start exploiting it, for fear of another rebound back to the Republicans. This may be based on local discontent of Federal workers fearing for their jobs because of Republican threats to cut a million Government workers off Uncle Sam's pay rolls.

It's a national fact, however, that the Truman popularity is climbing back steadily. And there is reason to believe it will continue to climb. There were no unsold tickets when the Democrats asked $100 a plate for the Jefferson Day dinners, the pappy of which was held at the Mayflower Hotel last Saturday with President and Mrs. Truman and the top crust of the Administration as guests of honor.

One sardonic Republican writer theorized that 1,800 people must have been "hypnotized" into shelling out $100 each for the dinner. There's no disputing that it shows the old party spirit is alive, even if, as one commentator alleged, the feed had little to do with a distinguished gentleman named Thomas Jefferson.

The President will complete his second year in the White House, on Saturday, April 12. It will be a happy occasion for him because where once he frankly disliked it, he now likes the job, about the toughest in the world. He has developed a competent staff, headed by his special Counsel, Clark Clifford. He has learned the White House ropes. While he lacks the magnetic personality of Roosevelt, which kept the Administration in power when its policies could hardly have done it, Harry Truman has proved to the American people that he has courage and native wisdom.

His epochal Truman Doctrine of resistance to the world spread of Communism has won him his niche in history. Where F.D.R. compromised with Russia, Mr. Truman decided to let the Soviet know that democratic America cherishes its birthright.

Acceptable Policies

Poll-takers are amazed by the reversal of Truman political form, and the public acceptance of his foreign and domestic policies. They know of nothing in recent current history to equal it. The Truman formula is also working with Congress. He has kept his promise of cooperation with the legislative branches and in fact is getting along better with Republican-controlled 80th Congress than he did with his own Democratic 79th. There were forebodings that a split government would mean a stalemate, but the Republicans are treating H.T. far better than they are treating themselves. Already Senate and House are divided on many major issues.

Only five months ago, Harry Truman was rated a washed-up politician, but Republicans and Democrats alike now regard him as just the reverse. The big question mark in Washington, of course, is: How long will his popularity hold. Will it last through the 1948 campaign, when he asks for a full four-year term. That's a question that time alone will answer.

The Republicans are already looking for holes in the Truman armorplate. They predict the worst if he vetoes G.O.P.-sponsored labor and tax bills. That too, remains to be seen.

He has shown that he has both the stamina and the intelligence to meet a national crisis head on. His doctrine-creating offer of help to Greece and Turkey indicates that he can play international poker. And he appears to be holding the cards.

The American public first learned about Truman courage when he stood up to John L. Lewis. Fabulous F.D.R. had done it and made an irreconcilable enemy. The Truman Hooper rating was at its lowest around the November elections. That had been a bad time for him. He was blamed for the meat shortage, strikes, and high prices. The Wallace break alienated "Liberal" forces.

He showed how a champ rolls with a haymaker when he came fight up after the election and said he accepted the returns "in the spirit in which all good citizens accept the result of any fair election." A score for good sportsmanship. Even the Republican leaders liked that and they said so. The general public, fearful of confused government, also approved.

Truman stock really started to climb when he squared off with John L. Lewis and licked the shaggy-haired United Mine Workers chief. It was a prophetic December 7. Pearl Harbor anniversary, when he decided to fight it out with Lewis. The public, it seems, favored ending strikes that paralyze the nation.

No More Missouri Waltzes

This was a refreshing change from the man who had named home-state Missourians to the best jobs in Washington, and had permitted political considerations to color his decisions.

There is politics in what he does now, but it is politics handled with better public relations. Clark Clifford heads up his group of intimate advisors, aided by capable John R. Steelman, special assistant, and Charles Ross, Press Secretary.

Here is how good staff work helps. One of Mr. Truman's early blunders was his statement of October 30, 1945, that industry could give wage increases without having to raise prices. That started labor on a drive for more pay and it tied the country up with strikes. It also upset the national wage pattern. The President apparently based that statement on information from Henry Wallace's Department of Commerce. Today, before accepting such figures, the President would have Clark Clifford check and double check the information.

Clifford is reputed to be able to come up with the right answers most of the time. In the 1945 episode careful checking would have revealed that higher wages would bring on demands for higher prices. Some observers believe Clifford would have prevented that blunder.

It is a fetish of White House doctors to be enthusiastic about the health of the boss. Remember medical reports on Mr. Roosevelt shortly before his death. However, Brigadier General Wallace Graham, White House doctor and Truman confidant, says the Chief is in very good health. He rates him the healthiest man in the White House. Mr. Truman has learned how to bear the strain of office. He is more calm than he used to be and he has learned to save his energy. So says his doctor.

To paraphrase the saying, "I'd rather be right than be president," he has learned how to be both right and president. At least that's the view of one close friend, who sums up the case for Harry Truman in these words:

"Above all, he's been right. He was right on Lewis. He was right in his State of the Union message and other messages to Congress. He was right in calling in Congressional leaders, Republican as well as Democrats. He was right in naming General Marshall as Secretary of State. He was right on the Truman doctrine, and he was right again in ordering the Governmental purge of disloyal employees."

At this rate, it may be only a matter of time for him to have the country right Democratic once more, rather than Republican.

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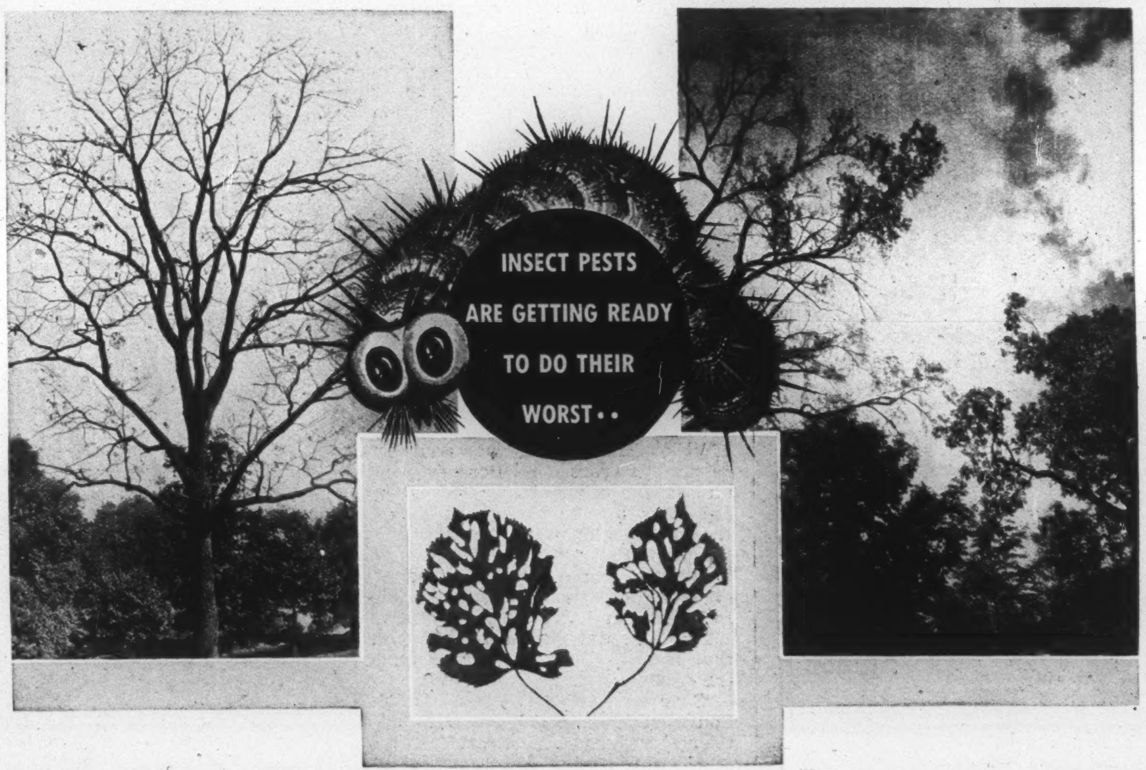

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THE LIGHTER SIDE

Bedtime Story of Mrs. Pomfret

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

THIS is the story of old Mrs. Pomfret who had the misfortune to live in a country that was ravaged every thirty years by an ogre.

The ogre's name was Inflation, and everybody in the country lived in great fear and dread of him. For though he often stayed quiet for years at a time he was certain to stalk out sooner or later and gobble up all the unsubsidized eggs, butter, milk and oranges in sight. He also attacked the national currency and usually finished up on the insurance policies of old ladies.

Naturally Mrs. Pomfret was greatly alarmed when she heard that Inflation was about to overrun the country again. She remembered the last time when Inflation had been abroad, and how you couldn't get an egg for less than ten cents or a pound of butter for less than a dollar. She remembered too that even if you took your life savings to bed with you, sewed up in a pillow case for safety, you were likely to wake up in the morning and find that half of them had disappeared. So in great distress of mind she went to call on her friend, the Economist.

"You haven't a thing to worry about, Mrs. Pomfret," the Economist said cheerfully. "This time we're going to make war on Inflation."

"Really!" said Mrs. Pomfret, and added after a moment's reflection, "but how are you going to get at him?"

"Well, of course, that's the problem," said the Economist. "As you know, Inflation usually appears at the very top of the Rising Cost of Living, which is tougher to climb than Jack's Beanstalk and grows twice as fast."

Mrs. Pomfret wasn't a very clever old lady but now she had a bright idea. "Then why not cut down the Rising Cost of Living and bring Inflation down, just as Jack cut down the Beanstalk?" she asked.

The Economist shook his head. "It isn't as simple as that. I'm afraid the best we can do is to put a ceiling up so it won't grow any higher," he said. "However, we have a lot of other plans to curb Inflation. We're going to truss him up with a lot of controls, and pay bonuses to the producers to keep away from him, and slap a stabilization program on him, and have a commission watching him day and night to make sure he doesn't come untied."

"That's wonderful!" Mrs. Pomfret said with deep relief.

"Naturally it will be quite expensive," the Economist said, "but we're waging relentless war on Inflation and you can't wage war without spending money."

"Well, so long as it doesn't raise the price of eggs," said Mrs. Pomfret.

EVERYTHING went very well for several years. Mrs. Pomfret paid almost the same price for butter and eggs as she always had; and though her taxes were very high she felt that it was a great comfort to know that she could go to bed at night without the danger of having Inflation come through the window.

Then one day she heard a rumor that sent her flying to her friend the Economist.

"Save yourself!" she cried. "Inflation is here! The price of milk has risen to sixteen cents a quart."

"Nonsense!" the Economist said. "There is no danger of Inflation coming, and the price of milk remains exactly the same. The only difference is that the Government is now allowing you to pay the milk producers' bonus instead of paying it itself."

Mrs. Pomfret considered this with some perplexity.

"I'm afraid I'm a little stupid," she said, "but I can't see how milk can go up four cents a quart and the price still remain the same."

"SIT down," said the Economist kindly, "and I'll give you a short lesson in Economics. It's quite simple and it goes like this: the smaller the production the less the demand, the greater the demand the higher the price, the higher the price the less change you get back from a dollar, the less change you get back from a dollar, the smaller the demand, the smaller the demand the lower the production. This is one of the first rules of Economics. Another term for it is Circular Insanity."

Mrs. Pomfret shook her head sadly. "I'm sure I don't see what all that has to do with the price of eggs," she said.

A short time after that Mrs. Pomfret withdrew all her life savings from the bank and put them into canned goods and concentrates. "So when Inflation comes, at least I'll be able to stand the siege," she said.

It wasn't very long, however, before another report sent her rushing to the house of the Economist.

"Candy, cakes and caramel," cried Mrs. Pomfret, "turkeys, geese and poultry spread. Pants and coats and dressing gowns. Eiderdowns and mattresses. Bassinets and ironing boards. Toilet seats and plumber's brass. Staples, rivets, bolts and nuts. Stoves and washers, new and old, everything's been decontrolled."

"Just sit down and relax, Mrs. Pomfret," said the Economist who was busy looking up the Rising Cost of Living.

"Yarns and vegetable wax," cried poor Mrs. Pomfret. "Is this a moment to relax?"

"I think I'll just go up and investigate," the Economist said.

Mrs. Pomfret sat down, gasping and fanning herself, while the Economist disappeared among the upper branches of higher statistics. He was gone quite a long time and when he came back he was smiling cheerfully.

"You're quite right," he said, "everything's been decontrolled . . . Everything that is except a few things like rents and fats and oils," he corrected himself, "but he's resting a lot easier."

"Then we're ruined!" wailed Mrs. Pomfret.

"Not at all," said the Economist. "You must remember that the fewer the controls the higher the production, the larger the production the greater the demand, the more you need the more you earn—."

"But Inflation!" faltered Mrs. Pomfret.

"There's no such thing as Inflation," laughed the Economist. "What you've been mistaking for Inflation is Free Economy and Prosperity."

"Prosperity?" said Mrs. Pomfret, wrinkling her brows. "I know the name but I don't seem to remember the face."

"Why, you ought to know Prosperity!" said the Economist. "Prosperity's a neighbor of yours, living right around the corner."

Mrs. Pomfret shook her head sadly. "Funny how you can live so long in one place without ever catching sight of your neighbor," she said.

A FEW days later a policeman called on the Economist and asked him to accompany him to the home of Mrs. Pomfret.

"And how is my friend Mrs. Pomfret?" asked the Economist as they went along the street.

"Not as good as she might be," the policeman said. "She put her head in the gas oven last night. She left a note for you on the kitchen table."

They found Mrs. Pomfret stretched out on the kitchen floor, looking more peaceful than she had looked in years. The Economist picked up the note she had left him.

"Dear Friend: (it said) As an economical measure I am turning on the gas before gas rates go up in the further interests of a free economy.

Yours sincerely,
Alice Pomfret."

The Economist gazed down at his old friend for a long time. Then he reverently folded her hands on her breast. "Poor Mrs. Pomfret," he said, "all she ever knew was the price of eggs."

BOX AND PARADOX

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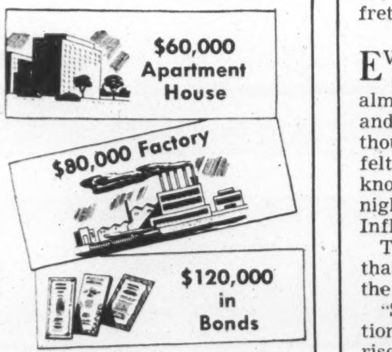

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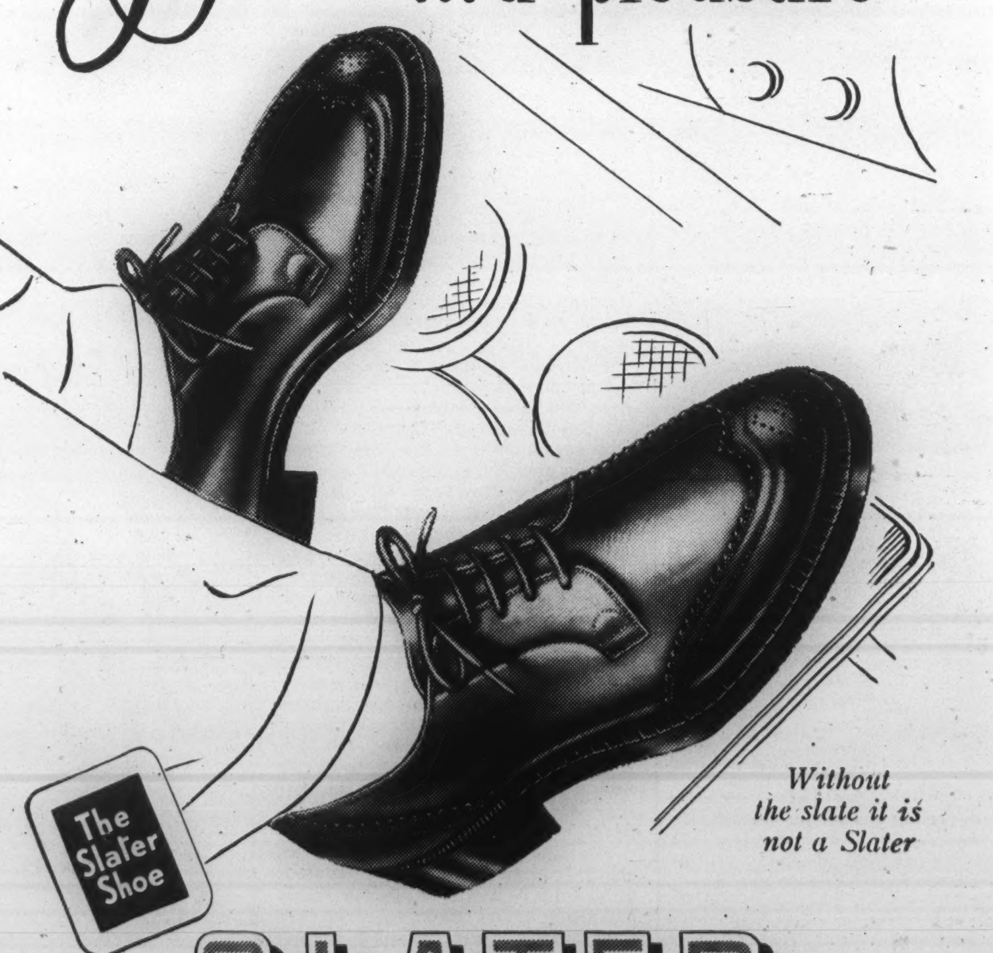

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Turkish Airfields Are Major Soviet Worry

By ALARIC JACOB

Russians at all levels soon saw the meaning in terms of a stiffer U.S. foreign policy toward the U.S.S.R. when President Truman announced the loan for Greece and Turkey. It was a shock, however, to citizens who had believed Stalin's reassurances that capitalism and communism could exist side by side. Russian generals are not so worried about U.S. dollars going to the help of Greece and Turkey as they are about the future control of airfields in the north of Turkey.

Moscow.

WHEN Mr. Ernest Bevin, struggling towards a better understanding with Russia, called for all cards to be "face upwards on the table," he could scarcely have envisaged that any ally of Britain would slap down such a hand as Mr. Truman showed in his speech on Greece and Turkey.

Open diplomacy is one thing. But for World Power Number One to brand World Power Number Two as a "totalitarian" threat to the independence of two nations when the crucial peace conference of the postwar world was only three days old is something to which history offers few parallels.

Perhaps it is because what has happened is so truly grave that, like a wound received in battle, some time elapses before it is felt. Every thinking person from one end of Russia to the other now knows that the United States President accused Russia of threatening to attack Turkey and of conspiring with its Slav allies to undo the independence of Greece.

More than that, Mr. Truman implied that any further extension in the world of the Soviet way of life—which I believe anyone who has lived in this country through recent years will admit commands the loyalty of the overwhelming majority of the Russian people—would threaten America's national interests. This came as a shock to most Russians, because it flatly contradicted the assumption on which the entire Soviet postwar policy is based: that not only can the Soviet and capitalist systems exist side by side, but that their advocates can even work together in the same Government—as in France and Czechoslovakia, where Communists are prominent in the Cabinets.

No doubt Mr. Truman was too well advised to suppose the speech could drive a wedge between Government and people. The Russians are loyal, emotional folk who know their own faults and those of their rulers too well to sympathize with many outside critics.

Rational or not, it is a fact that the reaction of almost every ordinary person to whom I have spoken has been righteous indignation.

Man-in-the-Street

"To think," said Fenya, an old chambermaid in my hotel who looked after Roosevelt at Yalta, "that after seven million of our lads gave their lives so that *they* could be free and rich over *there*, this is how they repay us."

George Nikitin, railwayman of Leningrad, said: "The idea that we would attack Turkey is madness. Surely U.N.O. will not allow this man to send his soldiers to our very doorstep?"

The girl in the news kiosk, who wouldn't give her name, said: "Stalin has said that another war is impossible and of course it is so. Why must people be so disagreeable?"

Igor Koslovsky, civil servant: "Truman, Churchill and this man Dulles, are cooking up another anti-Communist crusade." [John Foster Dulles, at that moment, was 100 yards away in the Moskva Hotel.] "Hitler didn't get away with it and nor will they."

Permit a reporter to be as frank as a President and these points emerge from the situation:

1. Soviet-American relations have never been worse.

2. If such abysmal distrust exists over Greece and Turkey, how will it be possible to solve the much more fundamental problem of Germany?

3. Those who believe that the role of a weakened Britain should be to pioneer a middle way between the extremes of Moscow and Washington will feel that Mr. Truman has elevated Mr. Bevin to a position of decisive power.

But few Russians believe Britain is capable of steering an independent course. Economically, they believe the British are little more than America's poor relations.

The Russians believe the key to peace in Europe is for Socialists and Communists to work together; but that British labor instinctively prefers to collaborate with capital rather than Communism whenever the choice arises. Even in France, where the bulk of the working class supports Communists and not Socialists, Britain seeks to align Socialists with the M.R.P.

Persistence in this policy, the Russians claim, would split Europe's working class in two and smooth the path for Conservative Governments basically hostile to the Soviet Union.

Marxist theorists, who since the war ended have been predicting that America would embark on an imperialist course, can now say to the Russian people: "We told you so. America sends money and 'military personnel' now. Next she will send troops. And all this over U.N.O.'s head."

The Russians are not really worried if America pours millions into Greece. But Turkey and the Straits are a nerve exposed for centuries of Russian history.

Turkey's northern airfields are barely 170 miles from Sebastopol. The very thought of foreign "military personnel" getting access to those airfields is as intolerable to Marshal Zhukhov and his southern command as the arrival of foreign military personnel in Belgium and Holland would be to Britain.

In adopting Walter Lippmann's plan to "challenge Soviet expansion at a decisive point" President Truman could hardly have selected a more sensitive spot.

The Turkish President's reply to Mr. Truman is taken here to mean that American aid will enable the Turks to continue to spend half their income on armaments.

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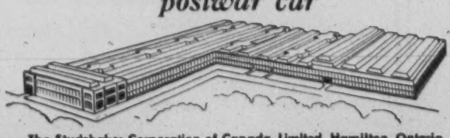

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THE WORLD TODAY

Stalemate on the German Treaty; De Gaulle's Return to Politics

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

THREE months ago it was suggested in these columns that "our negotiators in Moscow will doubtless consider more than once how bad a settlement we ought to accept rather than proceed with one according to our own pattern for Western Germany alone."

The dispatches of the very able New York *Times* correspondent in Moscow, Drew Middleton, indicated at the beginning of this week that "senior members" of the British and American delegations had decided almost definitely against accepting a bad settlement.

They have not resigned themselves yet to accepting a partitioned Germany—which would mean a partitioned Europe. But they now believe that the only way in which we may still get a unified Germany, on terms acceptable to us, is to let the negotiations hang perhaps until late fall when the foreign ministers might meet at the next United Nations Assembly, and meanwhile so improve things in the unified British and American Zones that the contrast between conditions there and in the Soviet Zone will become politically unpalatable to Stalin.

They hope that the Soviets may then accept some compromise on reparations such as Marshall suggested last week. Reparations are at the heart of the stalemate in Moscow—though it does not follow necessarily that if a compromise could be reached on reparations, the intrinsically more important political and frontier questions would be solved automatically.

Still, the argument starts with reparations, and it progresses this way. The Soviets make the payment of large reparations out of current production their price for agreeing to the economic unification of Germany. The British and Americans counter by pointing out that Germany at present has a deficit economy. The Western Zones are only sustained at a minimum standard of life by large supplies of food and raw materials from Britain and the United States.

It is quite out of the question, they argue, that large reparations could be taken out of present German production. This could only mean that Britain and the United States would have to pump still larger supplies into the Western side of Germany, while Russia drew finished goods out the Eastern side.

How the Argument Goes

The next stage in the argument follows logically from this: if in addition to paying their way on food and raw material imports the Germans are to ship heavy reparations to Russia, the level of industry agreed upon at Potsdam must be substantially increased.

But this would be scrapping one of the fundamental principles, and one on which the big powers actually agreed, of weakening German heavy industry in order to secure Europe from future aggression by the Reich. Secretary Marshall has strongly warned the Foreign Ministers Council on this point, and the French have been even more alarmed. *The victors can only afford to leave Germany strong, and even aid her industrial recovery in order to pump out reparations, if they can reach a solid and reassuring political settlement for her and for Europe.*

Yet while urging an economic course which must hasten German industrial recovery, the Soviets champion a political settlement which would leave her with a strongly centralized government which might again plan an aggressive use of this war-making strength.

They go so far as to appeal over the heads of the other foreign ministers, in their press in Moscow and Berlin and in Molotov's replies to the "questions" of the pro-Communist American commentator Johannes Steel, for a plebiscite of the German people as to whether the latter want a centralized government. General Marshall has reacted sharply against this tactic.

The French stand at the extreme opposite pole to the Soviets on this question of a strongly centralized German Government. They would give the maximum autonomy to the dozen or so projected states or *Laender*, and allow these to delegate to the central government only control of finance, transportation, communications, foreign trade and industry.

A "Safe" Government?

Lately they have agreed to add food and agriculture. But they would not allow the central government to control all Reich industry, labor or police. Whether they really believe that the separate states could carry on their own foreign relations as well, is not clear. And, of course, one of the main French schemes for making Germany safe is to put the Ruhr under separate international control.

The British and Americans stand nearer to the French viewpoint than to the Russian, though they do not think separation of the Ruhr to be feasible and, with the large deficits of their occupation zones, are more interested in a moderate increase in the German production level.

They want safeguards in the election and the powers of a central government which will hinder its being taken over by a totalitarian movement, either Communist or revived German nationalist. Thus they propose that the members of such a government should be nominated by the *Laender*, and oppose the Soviet proposals for national elections according to proportional representation and the "list" system of voting which has aided Communist seizure and retention of power in Eastern European countries.

They consider the Soviet plan for central government control of police throughout Germany far too obvious in its intention, and are warned of Soviet demands of strong trade union representation in it by the success of the German Communists in securing over 80 per cent of the seats in the Berlin central trade union council election recently, while only able to gain 19 per cent of the vote for the municipal council.

For four weeks the foreign ministers have gone over these two main problems of economic unity, which is snarled by reparations demands, and the new political set-up, which runs into the debate on centralization.

It is reported that they will go on this week to frontiers, a question which promises to bring complete disagreement on the disposition of the eastern territories which Russia has unilaterally granted to Poland, (and which leaves rump Germany packed in to four times the population density of the new Poland, as M. Bidault pointed out), and to the proposed forty or fifty-year four-power pact for keeping Germany disarmed. Such a treaty, involving no material concessions and "nothing" but a signature may actually be written. But General Marshall is said to put little confidence in any such simple guarantee, holding that the record of what has happened to many solemn wartime pacts does not justify it. The days when the Western Powers put up vast supplies and agreed to large

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territorial concessions to the Soviets in return for a bare promise of free elections in the "liberated" countries, are past.

It is quite possible, therefore, that the Moscow Conference may end with no agreement on any practical point, and leaving a satisfactory German settlement as far away as before. If this does happen, the inevitable result will be a further extensive development of the Truman program for aiding threatened countries and containing Soviet expansion.

Italy may appear soon on the agenda, with a much larger bill than that for Greece. Korea, China and Japan are already on the waiting list. And France could become a problem of even greater concern.

Next Crisis in France

A governmental crisis in France has only been waiting on the conclusion of the Moscow Conference. Since the Blum régime of December-January, French politics have slipped back to the sterile party manoeuvers of the disastrous 'thirties. At the same time the division into Communist and anti-Communist factions has been accelerating.

In de Gaulle's judgment, at least, it seems that the time for a showdown is nearing. Those close to him have been saying for the past year that he would stand aloof until "the great crisis" which he was convinced must come, had arrived. This week he returned openly to politics, calling for the formation of a new party under his leadership.

The platform on which he is campaigning is the reform of the constitution, to provide for a strengthening of the executive and end the paralysis of government. In this he is perfectly consistent, for he spoke out last September against the proposed constitution, along exactly the same lines. In the event it was only carried by a bare majority of nine million votes against 8 million, with a third of the electorate abstaining.

De Gaulle is bound, however, to become the rallying point for all Frenchmen who oppose the Communists, though his language towards them in his Strasbourg speech on Monday was extremely moderate. There have only been the two poles of attraction in France since the liberation. No other leader and no political party has appeared with the dynamism to check the Communists, strongly organized as they are, with a militia estimated at 100,000, with large arms caches hidden away from Resistance days, with control of the central trade union organization and agents planted throughout the army, the air force and the Paris Police.

Holding the Ministry of Production they have penetrated and gained control of the nationalized coal mines, the gas and electricity industries. Through the Ministry of Labor and their domination of the C.G.T. or central trade union organization, they have gained control of the huge social security funds. Now, under the Ramadier Government, they at last hold the Ministry of National Defence, something which de Gaulle would never concede to them in his day. What that could lead to was shown by the recent revelation of the Socialist Minister of the Interior that arms had been stolen from military aerodromes under a Communist Minister for Air.

Fear of Coup d'état

Vast funds for their propaganda are available from the 10-13 billions of francs which Communist partisans are estimated to have seized in various actions during the war. Nor have they lacked financial support from Moscow. Last year, as the New York *Times* reported, at an airport outside Paris reserved for the use of Soviet diplomatic courier planes, stevedores dropped a wooden box of a type and size which they had been handling almost daily. It split open, spilling out gold coins.

These and many other facts known in France have convinced observers there that, at what they judge to be the right moment, the Communists will attempt a *coup d'état*.

But to attempt such a coup while the British and Americans still hold Western Germany firmly, separating the French Communists from the direct support of the Soviets, would be very risky. It is believed that their plan has been to wait until the British and American occupation forces have been greatly reduced in Germany (and entirely removed from Italy); until the German Communists are able to turn the Reich into an uproar through control of keyposts in the central government and the trade unions; and until Britain, if not also the United States, is gripped in a deep economic crisis.

All this might happen, according to their calculations, in two or three years. Five years was actually the term set by Duclos, after the liberation, for the present policy of collaboration in the government and penetration of key positions in France.

There may, therefore, be just sufficient time for de Gaulle to build up a political movement which can oust the Communists from Government. But it is by no means sure that they will go quietly, or that severe civil strife, if not open civil war, can be averted in France.

Here the General has an ace in the hole, though he is not showing it as yet: the certainty of American support. If it is vital to U.S. security to keep Greece and Turkey out of Turkey out of the Soviet grip, how to U.S. security to keep Greece and the Soviet grip, how much more vital would it be to save France? Fortunately General Marshall and his delegation in Moscow are reported to be fully aware that the acceptance of a false peace settlement for Germany could quickly mean the loss of the whole of Europe to totalitarianism, and the nullification of the entire American war effort there.

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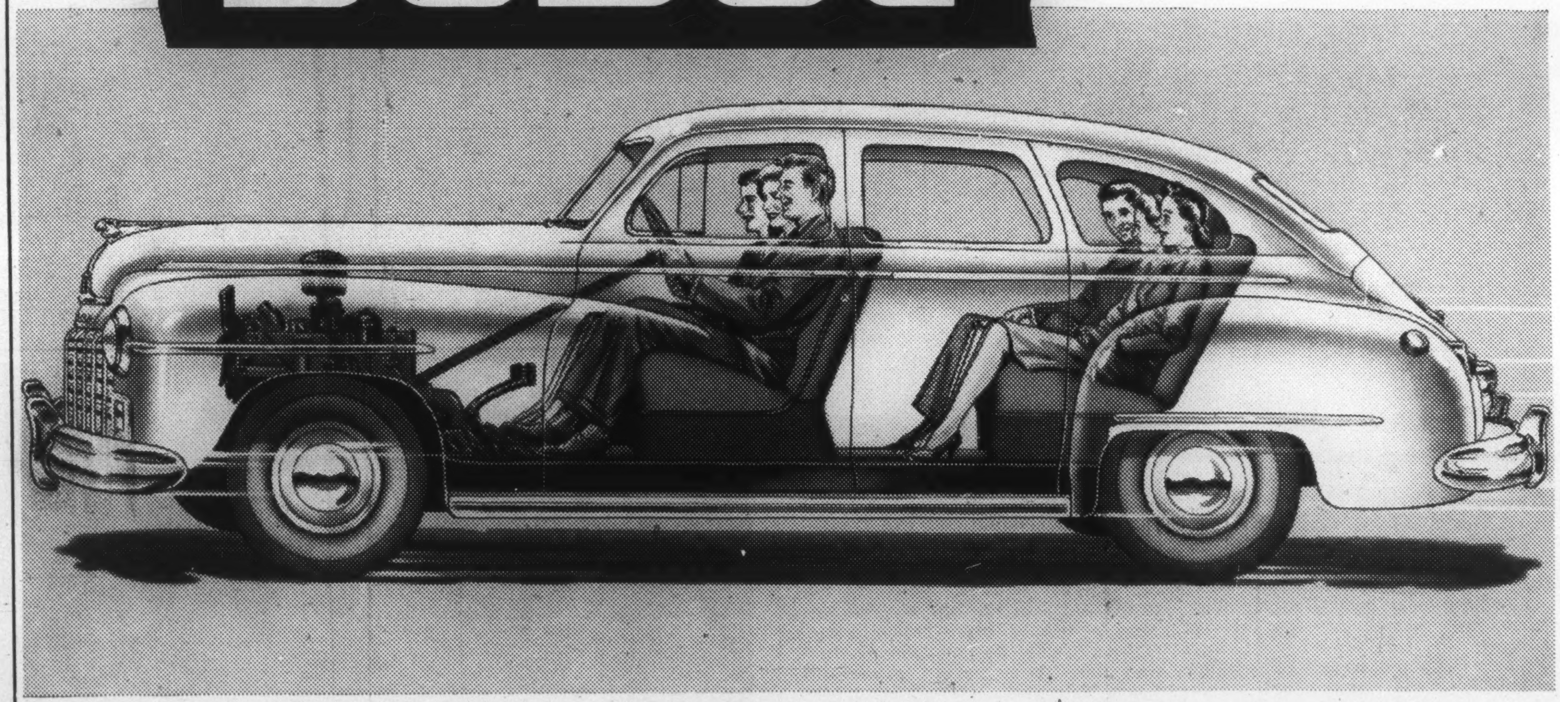

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IN THE PUBLIC EYE

"The Tin Flute" Turns Out To Be a Pot of Gold for Its Author

By A. VERNON THOMAS

"ARE you Miss Gabrielle Roy?"
"Yes."

"There's a telegram here for you. Shall I read it?"

"Please."

"Literary Guild of America has chosen English version of your novel 'Bonheur d'Occasion' for its May book of month stop details by mail."

Gabrielle Roy, a small, slightish young woman, with searching eyes, could hardly believe her ears. It had been but a desperate and wild hope that her novel would be picked. When she had reflected that it would mean the printing of some half a million copies, whereas the French original was only in its fourteenth thousand, she had thought it audacious, and downright presumptious, to imagine that her novel, the first she had ever written, would be selected.

Was the telegram some cruel hoax? she asked herself. Indeed it wasn't. And just as real was another telegram received a few days later, saying that Universal Pictures had offered $75,000 for the screen rights of the English version, to be published on April 21 by Reynal & Hitchcock, New York, under the title of "The Tin Flute." In due course the offer was accepted.

If only her mother, who had witnessed her first literary efforts, and had so often heard her say: "I don't mind how often they come back, I'm going to keep on writing," and who had comforted and encouraged her, were still alive, was one of Gabrielle's first thoughts. It was to her mother, Mélina Roy, that Gabrielle inscribed "Bonheur d'Occasion."

But it was cruel that the big news should have come to her when she was alone in her Montreal hotel room. How she did want to tell someone about it, above all her four sisters scattered across Canada. She rushed out and wired them the news.

Author's Thrill

The thrill that comes once in an author's lifetime, that of seeing one's own brain child in cold print, came somewhere near her 21st birthday when she opened a copy of *Le Samedi*, to which and to other French Canadian papers of smaller circulation she contributed short stories and articles. Then a Toronto paper took a story in English.

Gabrielle, after a high school and normal course, had now become a schoolmarm. She taught for a short time at Somerset, one of Manitoba's French settlements, where her father had kept a store, and afterwards in St. Boniface at the Provencher Collegiate Institute, the boys' public school.

Ambition was now burgeoning in Mademoiselle Roy. Distant fields were beckoning. She had already established a reputation for getting what she went after. So it was no surprise when she told her colleagues that she was going to see London and Paris "even if she had to wash dishes." And see them she did, spending the two years preceding the outbreak of the second world war in England and France.

For some time Gabrielle had been saving every penny she could spare. She looked through her possessions and sold everything she thought would be of no further use, and then one fine day, she bought her transportation. It was a real *tour de force*. And she didn't wash any dishes. She eked out her slender resources by selling articles on Canada to Paris publications. Accompanied by a girl friend she even managed to take a walking tour in southern France.

Back in Canada Gabrielle continued her free-lance work, and Dame Fortune continued to smile upon her. Maintaining her headquarters in Montreal she received reporting assignments from *Le Canada*, and from *Le Journal des Agriculteurs*, work which took her to new settlements on the distant Peace River, to Doukhobor colonies in British Columbia, to industrial developments on the Saguenay, and to the new mining fields of Ontario and Quebec.

All this time a novel was taking shape in her busy brain. She knew Montreal, its great wealth and its grinding poverty. She had seen the mansions on the Mountain and the drab streets of St. Henri, where the poor huddled together in cramped and unlovely dwellings. She knew St. Henri's atmosphere raucous with the clanging and screaming of railway locomotives and the hooting of steamers on the Lachine Canal. She knew the grimy, dust-laden air that blew over St. Henri from this ceaseless traffic and the neighboring factories.

Vivid Imagination

With a vivid imagination, and a warm heart urging her on, Gabrielle vowed she would use her art to depict this other half of Montreal, and in due course "Bonheur d'Occasion" was born. The French title is difficult to translate. Perhaps "Bargain-counter Happiness," an almost literal translation, is as good as any. Now it becomes "The Tin Flute" for English-speaking readers.

The novel is a fine piece of realistic literature. It depicts scenes from the life in St.Henri of a French Canadian family struggling desperately to keep its head above water. There is the mother, a monument of fortitude, patience and heroism. There is the mild, well-meaning, blundering, incompetent father whose promising enterprises invariably go wrong.

And there is the eldest daughter, heroine of the story, a waitress in a popular restaurant. She is a pathetic figure, sensitive, eager for nice things and above all for a husband, home and children. In a tragic grasp for these she is betrayed by a young worldling who doesn't deem it dishonorable to seize what the gods seem to be sending.

Gabrielle Roy was born in a big yellow house on Deschambault Street, St. Boniface, built by her father early in the century. He was then a federal immigration agent. Gabrielle was the youngest of eight and this by a margin of several years. Thus she found her playmates chiefly among the neighbors' children, and they were never lacking.

Even at this age she was a natural leader in that happy realm of make-believe which children create so easily. Her mother had told her tales of Quebec and had sung to her French Canadian folk songs. With this and other spiritual pabulum, assisted by borrowings from family wardrobes, Gabrielle's alert, if youthful, imagination found free rein. Backyards of Deschambault Street witnessed wonderful spectacles, the sway of kings and queens, the exploits of heroes, the undoing of villains, the trippings of fairies, and so on and so forth.

Wider Scope

When Gabrielle was able to toddle to St. Joseph's Academy, girls' public school, her adventurous mind found still wider scope. Her teachers, Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, will tell you how from Grade One up she was the unofficial convenor of little groups to which she would tell stories, including some of her own making. Later on she loved to discuss history, geography or other subjects, enlarging and elaborating on what teachers and text-books had said.

Needless to say a girl as bright as Gabrielle would shine in her studies. In her passage through St. Joseph's Academy she took everything in her stride, winning prizes, gold medals and bursaries.

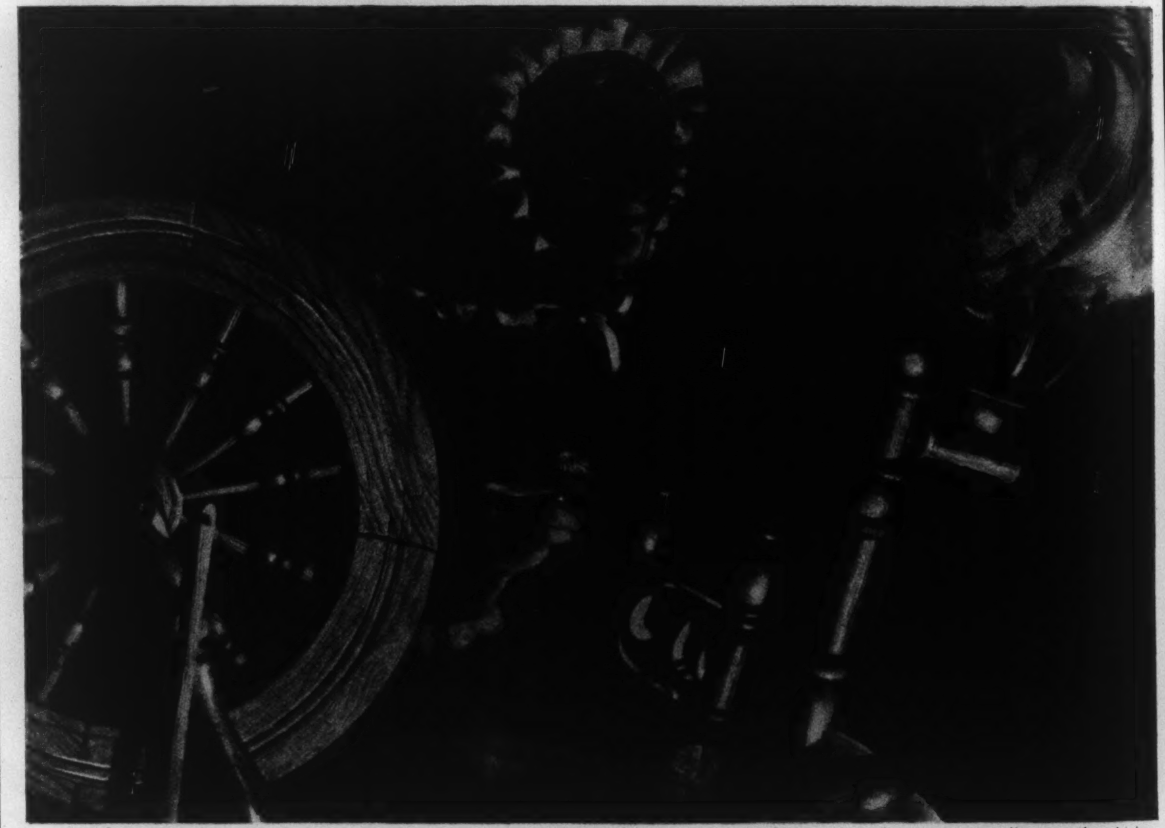
At the Provencher Collegiate Institute, where she taught for several years Miss Roy had the room with the little tots of six and seven, some French, some Belgian, some English, some Ukrainian and some Polish. Her dramatic talent was now flowering. In the school auditorium she produced plays, sketches, tableaux and other offerings, which, according to her colleagues, were invariably a great success.

And Gabrielle herself in these years was branching out. She played with the Cercle Molière of Winnipeg, and was a member of the cast of "Les Soeurs Guédonnec," which won the Governor General's trophy in the Dominion Drama Festival, French section, at Ottawa in 1936. In these same years Gabrielle was also playing in English in productions of the Winnipeg Little Theatre. She was in the cast of "The Man with a Load of Mischief," and "Three-Cornered Moon." It is worth mentioning that the high school pupils of the two St.Boniface schools are, with few exceptions, turned out completely bilingual.

No native French Canadian, novelist or other writer, has ever remotely approached the distinction of having half a million copies of his work printed. Hitherto French Canadian literature, although it contains much of the highest quality, has been pretty well restricted to the confines of the province of Quebec.

Gabrielle Roy has broken new ground. In itself that is perhaps not very much. But it is very much to have done this with a wholesome, honest, and clean piece of work. Miss Roy is now engaged on a second novel, which, it is understood, will have a labor setting. And after that a novel in which newspapers and newspapermen will hold the stage is planned.

This painting of war ruins in Bath by English artist, John Piper, is being shown during April at Toronto Art Gallery along with other works by contemporary British artists in an exhibition arranged by the Albright Gallery of Buffalo. It belongs to Imperial War Museum, London.



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Yarn . . . with a dark beginning

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A Sidesman Figures Some Percentages

By J. E. MIDDLETON

How does the total income of the average church compare with the aggregate income of its constituency?

While the annual reports seem satisfactory, even rosy, a sidesman, known to the author of this article, makes some comparisons that are startling, even to himself.

ALTHOUGH generally served-up in six-point type on a six-point slug—which makes one think of a Toronto street-car in rush hours—the newspaper reports of church annual meetings are impressive. Before the reader's eyes get too tired a good deal of information is absorbed. Membership rolls show a gain despite deaths and removals. Financial achievements are modestly recorded; such as the $8,000 for Missions, the $2,000 for Red Cross, the burning of this mortgage or that, the contribution to famine relief somewhere or other, and the steady maintenance of "local obligations." Perhaps a rector's stipend is increased; perhaps an assistant minister or a deaconess is engaged; perhaps the music is stepped-up. Altogether when the expenditures "for all purposes" are summed, the effect is satisfying, sometimes imposing.

Most citizens approve of the Church, as the one institution dedicated completely to the higher loyalties without thought of money-profits and directors' fees. By hand-picking and improving individuals it seeks to create a brotherly society freed from poverty and quarrels, from forceful exploitation of one group by another, from actual and potential "picking and stealing." So, signs of its progress are generally welcomed.

In that spirit I congratulated an old neighbor the other morning on the report of St. Luke's. He is one of the sidesmen of that church and sidesmen, you know, have charge of the temporalities. His Board collects and spends the money. (There is no actual St. Luke's in our city; the name is used generically for all sorts and conditions of churches. But the neighbor is real.)

Pailfuls of Chicken-Feed

I congratulated him on the Financial Report. On the whole, he thought, it was a creditable balance-sheet; there was a surplus of $7.61 on an income for all purposes of about $27,000. That seemed a good bit of money, he admitted, if you thought of it all at once — in the bin, as it were. But he preferred to consider the pailfuls of chicken-feed that made it up.

That started him. During the long street-car journey downtown he talked with freedom, unveiling his anxieties and his discontents. What follows is a digest of his views.

Under a government-sponsored scheme, boys attending a technical school at Wembley, Eng., erect temporary buildings and will later assist with houses. Their weekly pay is 29s.

"St. Luke's has about 1,200 members. The rector says that he looks after some 400 families. The church is in a good residential district; houses attractive and well cared-for; each with its own side-drive and garage. We have perhaps a dozen wealthy men, but the rest are in what I call the comfortable class. Counting the young people who work, stenographers and the like, who prefer to make their own pocket-money rather than to depend on Dad, I figure that the average annual income of a St. Luke's family is not less than $4,000. It's a conservative estimate; very much so. Actually it may run to $6,000. But assuming the lesser figure, the aggregate income of our St. Luke's people is $1,600,000.

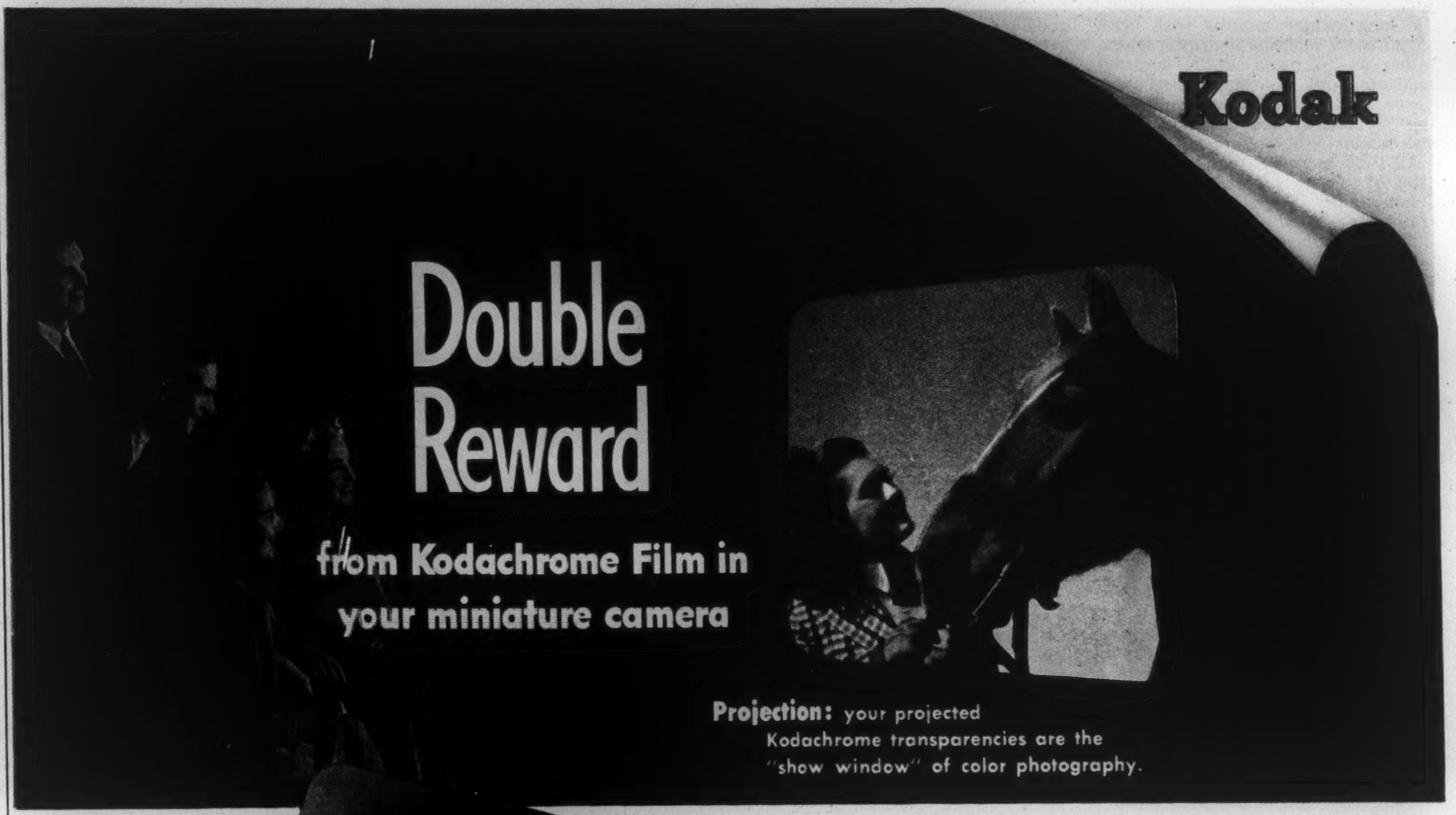
"Now $27,000 is much less than 2 per cent of that aggregate. But it includes the 6 to 10 per cent givings of perhaps a hundred families that make up the core of the church; the enthusiasts who generate the steam to keep the institution running. I happen to know that one man's regular contribution is $1,000 a year. So it's a fair conclusion that some church members, instead of putting their shoulders to the wheel are hanging on the back of the wagon, getting a free ride.

"Remember, I'm not criticizing anybody but myself. I got my receipts to-day from the church, showing my 1946 contributions for income-tax exemption. And I tell you frankly, my face is red. I had a good year in my business despite shortages and taxes. Compared with my usable income my contributions to St. Luke's were between four and five per cent. And I know well that's not good enough.

"For the church means a good deal to me. I have been in the middle of it since I was a child, even as my parents were before me. Any grains of civilization I possess are church-products. I haven't made as good a fist of the good life as I might have done, but I know what the good life is. Without the church I might never have known.

"I strongly believe that it is the only civilizing agency we have. Schools, colleges, hospitals, charities began in the church and are still inspired by the principles it teaches. And I'm not talking now of the Anglican church. I include every communion, from Cardinal McGuigan's down to the most obscure Christian sect.

"So it's worth supporting. Do you know that in our house we spend about $150 a year for street-car tickets. I'm not going to tell you what I gave to St. Luke's, but this year I hope to compare it with something bigger than street-car tickets."



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SPORTING LIFE

Take Me Out to the Ball Game-- Feed Me on Peter and Ilyitch

By KIMBALL McILROY

WITH the pedestrian approach of Spring, hiding somewhere behind those snowdrifts, the thoughts of every red-blooded Canadian boy turn quite naturally to love and baseball.

Discussions of the former will doubtless be found elsewhere on these pages.

It has been the custom of those concerned with adequately publicizing baseball since time immemorial, to keep public interest alive during the long winter months with occasional news releases featuring speculation as to trade, deals, contract holdouts, and whatnot. There was never anything very exciting about this nonsense, nor anything very spectacular.

All that, however, was back in the days of Judge Landis, and before Commissioner "Happy" Chandler and, presumably, gamblers.

The baseball news which has come out during the winter just past, and which is continuing to come, has been both spectacular and—if you like that sort of thing—exciting.

First there were Brooklyn's own Leo Durocher's brisk brushes with, in sequence, an irate husband, an irate judge, and an irate Brooklyn religious society. The latter seemed to say everything there was to say when it ordered its members to stay away from the Dodgers' games on the grounds that certain characters associated with the club were not of the highest and most unimpeachable moral fibre.

This is a most extraordinary charge to be levelled against a big league baseball club, and must make the good old Judge very unhappy wherever he is. Things were not like that in his day.

The Durocher incidents mentioned above were only a start, of course. Leo is not a man to take such things lying down. He attended a ball game in Havana, Cuba, where he saw sights which both shocked and horrified him. He could hardly believe his eyes. Why there in a box with President Larry MacPhail of the New York Yankees, were "notorious gamblers."

For the good of the game, Mr. Durocher could not keep silent about such matters. With the aid of a sports writer on his staff, he gave widespread publicity to this dreadful thing.

Mr. MacPhail, who does so easily, got mad. He hailed Durocher up before the Commissioner on charges of "conduct detrimental to baseball," whatever that may be. Apparently the theory is that having notorious gamblers in your box is not especially detrimental, but talking about it is.

Commissioner Chandler does not appear to be in any hurry to hand down a decision, and the point at this writing remains unsettled.

Baseball is getting lots of publicity out of the affair—far more than it used to get in the old days out of mundane trades and hold-outs—but whether or not it is going to attract the fans in droves come summer is another question entirely.

Mr. Jackie Robinson

A matter which should be of more personal interest to Canadians is the question of who, if anybody, Jackie Robinson is going to play with this season.

Last year Robinson was with the Montreal Royals, and did a very good job indeed, leading the International League in some departments and not lagging far behind in any. Normally, such a player would be a sure thing with any big league team lucky enough to grab his contract.

Robinson can hit, he can field, he is fast on the bases. He is an all-around good ball player. The only trouble is that he's a Negro.

There have been players in the big leagues too clumsy to get out of the way of fly balls, there have been players who had to be sobered up before practically every game, there have been players whose personal lives would have intrigued Balzac, but there has never been a colored player.

This was not because of any lack of skill or ability. White teams have frequently engaged colored teams in exhibition games, and as often as not been soundly trounced. The question is entirely different, and very old. It has its counterpart in every other phase of American (and, to a lesser extent, Canadian) life.

There are some people who figure, however, that sport should be a little above this sort of thing.

After what we've seen in sport this past year, though, God knows why.

Baseball With Music

Most stunning announcement of the pre-season newspaper series is the one about the Yankees and the symphony program. Granted that the fans at Yankee Stadium these last couple of years have frequently clapped their hands in waltz time at some of the exhibitions they have been forced to witness, still a direct tie-up between baseball and Music is news. The general idea is that the Yankees will sponsor a daily program of symphonic music over a local radio station, to begin at 4:05 each afternoon. Selections from Beethoven and Tschaikowsky will be interspersed with comments about the Yankees.

Just what the theory behind it is, is something that no one has quite figured out yet. In the first place, a lot of games, the Yankees being what they are, will not be over by 4:05. This will put the music-loving fan into an awkward spot. To go or not to go, will be the question. Possibly, of course, a receiver with a loud-speaker attachment might be set up at the stadium. Yankee pitchers have been pitching *andante* for some time though, and with a *largo* movement they'd probably throw nothing but home-run balls.

The perennials in the baseball public's eye are naturally still with us: the Pasquel brothers and their Mexican League.

PASQUEL THINKS WILLIAMS TO PLAY IN MEXICAN LOOP. It is of course Senor Pasquel's right to think this in a free country, but nobody else does.

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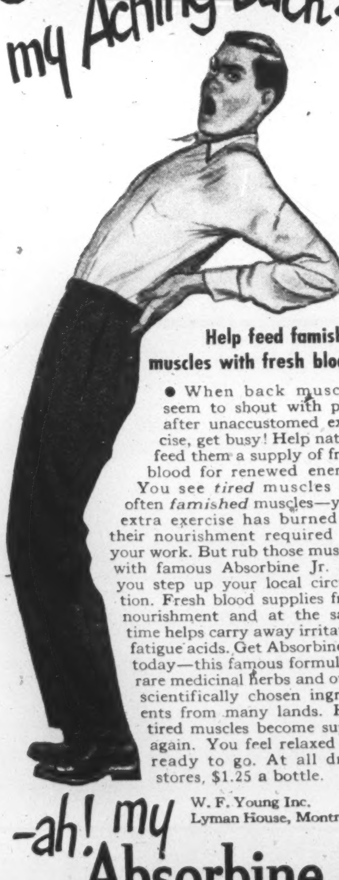

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RECORD REVIEW

New Release of Love-Song Waltzes by Brahms Among Season's Best

By JOHN L. WATSON

IN THIS business one must always exercise considerable care in separating the wheat from the chaff—not too difficult a task as a rule. However, it may be said of the last month's record releases that there is a good deal more wheat per bushel of grain than has been the case for some time past. The new pressings include a symphony, a song cycle, a ballet, some opera, an orchestral suite and "Fats" Waller singing "I Ain't Misbehavin'"—a pretty impressive array any way you look at it.

I would put the new Victor recording of Brahms' "Liebeslieder Walzer" among the half-dozen pleasantest musical events of the season, despite the shocking liberties which have been taken with the composer's intentions. The last known recording of these exquisite songs was made by the Musicraft Corporation about a decade ago; an absolutely flawless album but, I understand, quite unobtainable now. In such circumstances, the appearance of a new pressing, even though it falls short of perfection, is a welcome event. In the new Victor release (DM 1076), the singing is by the Victor Chorale, directed by Robert Shaw; Pierre Luboshutz and Genia Nemenoff are the keyboard artists. There was a certain lightness of touch, a mature but reverent musicianship, in the older recording which you won't find in its successor, but the rather more virile interpretation on the Victor release is sound enough for all practical purposes. The piano work is first-rate and the whole thing is beautifully recorded.

Brahms composed his "Love-Song Waltzes" primarily for family and community groups in the days when such ensembles apparently attained somewhat higher standards of excellence, both technical and aesthetic, than they do today. The waltzes are scored for vocal quartet and piano duet, but they have, on occasion, been performed in a lamentably inadequate orchestral version. Based on a rather trashy cycle of poems by the romantic German versifier, George Daumer, they treat of the rapture of love, in all its forms and moods—in music as charming and captivating as anything ever written.

Further evidence of the Brahms "renascence" (1947 version) is provided by the fine new Columbia recording of the Symphony No. 3 in F Major, played by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy (D174).

Warmth and Subtleties

Ignored, reviled and ridiculed by most of Brahms' pompous contemporaries, the Third Symphony is still dismissed as obscure and complicated by a large body of the music-loving public. Actually, it is full of mellow warmth and engaging subtleties. An opening *allegro*, pregnant with spiritual conflict, is followed by a serene and poignant *andante;* the third movement is an *allegretto* of exquisite tenderness and luminosity and the final *allegro* is Brahms in his most glorious and triumphant mood. The new Columbia pressing (which, incidentally, needs a good deal of "breaking-in") is a splendid achievement in every respect—a perfect companion-piece to the superb Weingartner recording of the Second Symphony released by Columbia five years ago.

I was agreeably surprised to discover how much Aaron Copland's "Appalachian Spring" can convey to the listener without benefit of the visual dance drama for which it was written. "Appalachian Spring" is one of the most powerful—and popular—offerings in the repertoire of that remarkable artist, Martha Graham. The ballet (if it can be so described) depicts, in the simplest and most starkly economical terms, a traditional marriage ceremony among the people of a Pennsylvania hill community in the early part of the last century. The action is simplicity itself: the young couple perform a dance of quiet but passionate devotion; a Revivalist regales them with an old-fashioned blood-and-thunder sermon on the sins of the flesh; relatives, friends and neighbors permit themselves a little good-humored but temperate merry-making to the tune of an old Shaker song, "The Gift to Be Simple", beautifully adapted by Mr. Copland; and finally the bride and groom withdraw to the quiet shelter of their new house.

About this simple theme Miss Graham has created a scene of incredible dramatic power, for which Copland's music is largely responsible. Although its composer consorted for some years with the Parisian set—Stravinsky, Milhaud, Hindemith, Schonberg and the rest—his music often belies their influence. It is raw-boned, muscular music, reminiscent of the severest of Shostakovitch. Devoid of lush, polychromatic orchestral effects, it depends on a thin, tough and very honest line to hold it together. Above all, it depicts with extraordinary fidelity a way of life and a breed of people not often met with in this modern world. The reading, by Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony is superb, and so is the recording. The album is handsomely decked out with dramatic illustrations and an informative text. (Victor DM 1046).

The operatic excerpts alluded to above are by Mozart out of Ezio Pinza and are, I think, the finest things of their kind I have ever listened to. They include "Madamina" from "Don Giovanni", Osmin's aria "Ah! che voglio trionfare" from "Il Seraglio", "Se vuol ballare" from "The Marriage of Figaro", "Qui sdegno non s'accende" from "The Magic Flute" and "Mentre ti lascio, O figlia". Mr. Pinza is probably the finest living basso and he sings every one of these great arias with intelligent understanding and robust enthusiasm. The recording is almost unbelievably good. It has that "in-the-same-room-with-you" quality so rarely found in records; altogether a technical triumph. The "Met" Orchestra under Bruno Walter provides the accompaniment. (Columbia D173).

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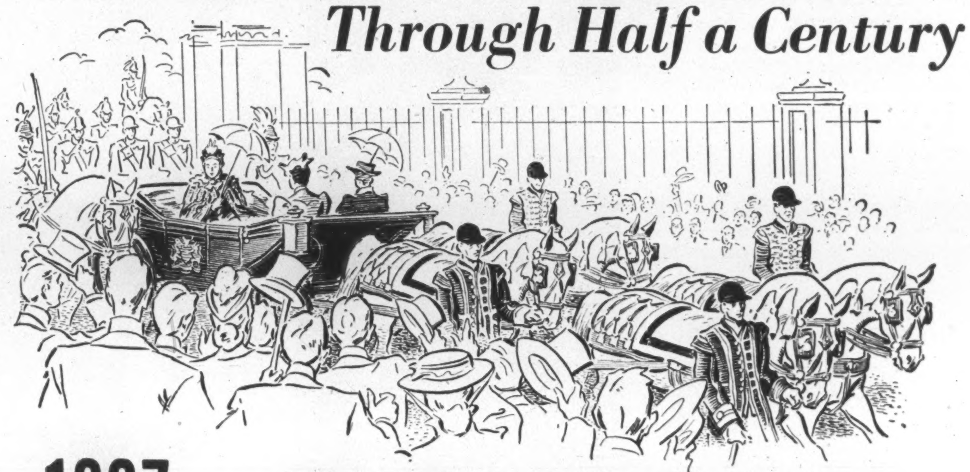
Through Half a Century



1897 . . . Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee

For Sixty Years a Queen! The whole world acclaimed the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, whose reign had brought peace, prosperity and progress to her vast realm. In the same year, in Toronto, the Honourable George A. Cox, member of the Senate of Canada and one of the country's outstanding financiers, founded a new Canadian insurance company and called it The Imperial Life.

1901: ADVANCE, AUSTRALIA!

Canadians were proud to welcome a sister Dominion, when the Commonwealth of Australia was established on January 1st patterned after the government of Canada.

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1910: GEORGE V ASCENDS THRONE

The fateful 25 years of the reign of George V, bringing war, wildcat prosperity and depression, began this year with the death of his father, Edward VII.

Business in Force	$30,455,000
Benefits Disbursed to Date	$1,297,000
Assets to Meet Obligations	$6,147,000

1918: VOTES FOR WOMEN

This year, which brought peace to a war-weary world, also saw the triumph of the Suffragette movement. Votes for women became law in England and Canada.

Business in Force	$72,741,000
Benefits Disbursed to Date	$6,882,000
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1926: GENERAL STRIKE IN ENGLAND

The general strike, when workers of all classes went out in support of miners, recalled to Canadians a similar crisis in 1919 in a Western Canadian city.

Business in Force	$218,230,000
Benefits Disbursed to Date	$24,816,000
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1936: THE EMPIRE HAD THREE KINGS

The death of George V plunged the Empire in mourning at the year's beginning. The year ended with Edward VIII's abdication and the accession of George VI.

Business in Force	$281,579,000
Benefits Disbursed to Date	$93,172,000
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1940: GERMAN AIR ARMADA BEATEN

The gallant airmen who saved England from Germany's Luftwaffe, were praised by Churchill, "Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few."

Business in Force	$302,773,000
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1946—A LOOK BACKWARD, A LOOK FORWARD

The Imperial Life has distributed more than $164,000,000 in policy benefits. It now has over $137,775,000 assets to meet future obligations, all well invested and contributing to Canada's welfare and prosperity.

SECURITY AND PROGRESS THROUGH HALF A CENTURY

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THE BOOKSHELF

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Michener Is a Master Story-Teller Who Writes with a Kipling Touch

TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC — by James Michener — *Macmillans* — $3.00.

EVERY now and then a natural-born story teller pops up over the literary horizon and here is one of them. Mr. Michener's tales move effortlessly, they create mood and atmosphere, and they contain plenty of action. While there is no obvious straining after effect, the effect is there without hampering the action or feeling. The result is exceedingly easy and enjoyable reading.

These yarns are set among the islands occupied successively by the American forces in their long leap across the Pacific seas toward Japan. Inevitably the war is in the background and the people of the stories are occupied with war, yet the book does not rate primarily as a war book. Rather it is the story of those thousands of human beings who sweated out months and years in remote spots, sometimes wondering whether or not their lives were in any way connected with the war, and all the time wondering why each individual Joe Smith of Oklahoma City was there at all. Always there was the terrifyingly beautiful color of the scene, the sunsets and sunrises, the blue of sky and sea and the green of the land. For human beings, apart from the sailors and soldiers and nurses, there were the native people of the islands, similarly not knowing what it was all about but more than willing to turn a penny in everything from grass skirts to bootlegged "torpedo juice." Definite characters emerge from the stories, from "Bloody Mary" the betel chewing old Tonkinese to the naval lieutenant who decorated his small ship with beer bottle insignia to mark the success of his transport missions. But best of all is the author's priceless gift for accomplished story-telling. The book is without pretence or significance yet it falls definitely into that really rare category of once picked up, not put down until finished.

Getting Into Print

OF MAKING MANY BOOKS—by Roger Burlingame—*Saunders*—$4.50.

THERE is a secret but don't think for a moment that you, as a reader, are going to be let in on it. It concerns what makes a best seller and whether, when a publisher launches a book, he knows what the sales outcome is going to be. Mr. Burlingame reports: ". . . though the answer cannot be put into words, most publishers are less blind about it than the public believes. It is impossible to devote twenty years or more to constant selection without acquiring an intuition which is right more often than it is wrong. It is not necessary to put such judgment into a formula . . . Certain books are sure-fire for a lot of people . . . But what makes a book spread over all the groups and classes is a known but inexpressible secret."

The occasion for this and much other good discourse on the business of book-publishing is the centenary of the firm of Charles Scribner's Sons. While it is modestly stated that the story is told in the correspondence of the famous authors whose works saw the light of day through Scribners, Mr. Burlingame has done an equally good job himself. Any business can be fascinating when it is described with all its many facets and without round-eyed varnishing; it becomes more so when the merchandise to be vended is the product of the "lonely art" of the writer. Not only is there the decision as to what and what not to publish but the follow through to the end product and the varied and sometimes extraordinary results produced on author as well as on ultimate consumer. And so wide is the scope of this interesting volume that it does not even neglect those bread-and-butter "backlogs" of every publisher but ventures as well into the educational field. Times have changed, it would appear, from the conditions of forty years ago when the successful influencing of textbooks selection boards meant so much to the profit ledgers of the printing houses. Sales technique had all of the virility, if not so much of the finesse, of succeeding generations.

Great names march through the pages of the Scribners record—Henry James, Galsworthy, Kipling, Barrie, R. L. Stevenson and Thomas Wolfe, to name but a few. Their comments in correspondence with their publisher is often as illuminating as anything which had been produced for insertion between book covers. And one extremely satisfying and heart-warming fact emerges from this correspondence—friendship and mutual respect and reliance is more often than not the real picture of what goes on between an author and his publisher. Apart from the personalities which besprinkle the pages, the book is also a record of the development and change in literary taste and popular acceptance throughout the hundred years; possibly except from the chair of an editor of an influential publication, there is no better vantage point from which to watch the changing world than the sanctum of a publisher of widely-read books. A superficial judgment would be that it is impossible to breathe warmth and excitement into the routine life of publishing; Mr. Burlingame's work is a complete negation of this and his book, while obviously not designed for the "best-seller" category, should bring pleasure and lasting satisfaction to a very wide circle of readers indeed.

The book, as it should be, is a splendid example of how a well written work can be given a worthy mounting; typography, binding and general presentation distinguish the volume in the bookshelf as its contents do among writers and readers of today's literate society.

For Fair-Minded Children

HOLIDAY—Story and Pictures by Wesley Dennis—*Macmillans*—$2.25.

NOW that winter fairs, horse shows and such are back, city and farm youngsters (3 to 6) will be thrilled by this beautiful picture-story book. Holiday is a horse whose ambition to be a blue ribbon winner takes him to the top as a free jumper, covers his stable door with blue ribbons, but brings him troubles too. (In Canada they would have been red ribbons, as any child who attends fairs knows.) Long after the text is ignored the illustrations will go on telling a young reader — or looker — an interesting story.

Romany Luck, by Patricia Gordon. (Macmillans, $2.25.) A gay, adventurous tale of a gypsy boy, his dog and their exciting escapades together.

Susan's Surprise, by Freya Mills and Marian Sheldon. (Oxford $1.75.) Story and illustrations of a little girl and her friend the little old woman at the newsstand.

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THE BOOKSHELF

A General, If You Please, Is Hero in Swift-Moving Airforce Novel

By JOHN H. YOCOM

COMMAND DECISION — by William Wister Haines — *McClelland and Stewart—$2.75.*

NEWSPAPER stories of heavy air bombing lacked many of the dramatic details that gave glamor to other reported phases of World War II. Targets were laid on, crews briefed, aircraft prepared and bomb-loaded, and operations "sweated out" successfully, abortively or unfruitfully. But over and over, except for crew members' names and the statistics, the story so often repeated itself.

Now comes a novel with a strange conflict during one week-end at a U.S. bomber station in Lincolnshire. But the protagonists are brass hats in the offices instead of the commonly accepted flying types. Brigadier General Dennis, commander of a division of heavy bombers, has the frightening import of Germany's jet-aircraft development dumped on a runway one day when a Czech test pilot lands a prototype. From his own combat and peacetime flying experience, Dennis sees the handwriting on the wall for propeller type aircraft—and behind that, the even more ominous skywriting of a war being lost to Nazism — unless the production of jets is choked off. His best friend, Col. Martin, sees things the same way. But their ops plan to bomb three Bavarian towns where jets are made gets pigeonholed at Command H.Q.

War by Statistics

There General Kane is afraid of what his United Chiefs will say at the inevitable losses from sorties so deep into Germany without fighter cover; especially when they want to convince Washington that they are winning the air war with statistically impressive missions to "safe" targets in France. And the brass hats in Washington are afraid of what Congress will say when heavy casualties are reported to their voters in the press. Kane loves the air force. Dennis loves it too, but like the 17th century cavalier, "could not love thee, dear, so much loved I not honor more."

As expected, grim losses (40 aircraft and crews) are sustained on the first attack but one-third of Jerry jet productivity is smashed. Although Col. Martin, as group leader, makes a mistake and gets the wrong target the second time, Dennis is determined to see Operation Stitch through; come hell, Kane, assorted Pentagon stooges, and nosey Congressmen—as they do to heighten things before the fulfilment of the decision.

Cat's Cradle Talk

The plot has almost a rhythm of suspense in its development, moved forward by chapters that are as graphic as separate "takes" in a Hollywood production and that end with punchline exits as provocative and sophisticated as those in a Broadway hit. The author's recipe, worked out in movie scenarios and two previous novels, includes the element of atmosphere, both incidental and sustained types. Best example of the latter is the chapter on the night-long busyness of ground crews at a U.S. bomber station, while combat crews sleep, for the next day's operations. Dialogue is crisp and rarely fails to shoot back and forth like a cat's cradle in the hands of experts.

But these very surface slicknesses have reduced the possibility — or need — of characterizations beyond types: the wise-cracking tour-expired gunner; the virtuous rube corporal; the yessir-yessir aides; Congressmen typical of their states; and finally the stereo-West Pointers as main characters.

Author Haines, who served nearly three years overseas on staff air intelligence, should have watched himself on a couple of things which are more than mere slips in detail. The R.A.F., experienced with years of profitable night-bombing German targets, is evidently not considered any help for accomplishing Operation Stitch. Also, that jet craft which started the ball rolling was probably the early Messerschmidt 262, with two Jumo 004 turbine units, which the Germans flew experimentally in the late summer of '43. Its flying endurance at a stretch was about half an hour. That Czech certainly went some to go from the Baltic area to Lincolnshire on one load of fuel. Or did Mr. Haines go some?

FOR THE RECORD

We Keep Going, by Anthony Armstrong. (Collins, $2.50) Did you ever know that Pilot Officer Prune actually enjoyed a listing in the Air Ministry telephone directory? His famous creator tells of this and other things but mostly of life in the country.

Blessed Plot, by Ernest Watkins. (Macmillans, $2.00) First novel, of postwar England, by the former editor of **War**, well-remembered publication of the Army Bureau of Current Affairs. Mr. Watkins is now on the staff of **The Economist.**

Guiding Star, by Vercors. (Macmillan, 75c) More faith in the soul of France by the author of the much-discussed **Le Silence de la Mer.**

The Walls of Jericho, by Paul I. Wellman. (Longmans, Green, $3.50) Vivid novel of the struggle for economic and political power in a typical, small, Mid-Western American city.

The Catoctin Conversation, by Jay Franklin. (Saunders, $3.75) A brilliant American journalist and diplomat reports an imaginary conference in 1943 between Roosevelt, Churchill, Baruch, Harry Hopkins and the German Hanfstaengl. Naturally, the fate of the postwar world, especially Russia, is all nicely tidied up.

Present Laughter, by Noel Coward. (Doubleday, $2.35) Text of the recent New York play. People who like Coward, and there are many of them, will like this.

Small Town, by Granville Hicks. (Macmillans, $3.00) An ex-radical moves to the country and takes a penetrating look at the people and what makes them that way.

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"CANADA GEESE" *by T. M. Shortt, Ornithologist.*
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* An excerpt from "CONSERVATION and CANADA'S MIGRATORY WATER-FOWL" by J. L. Baillie, Jr., one in a series of pamphlets published by The Carling Conservation Club.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Continent's Leading Holy Week Concert

By JOHN H. YOCOM

FOR over a quarter of a century a large factor in Toronto's celebration of Holy Week has been the performance of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion". Responsible for this continuous vogue has been the inspired enthusiasm of Sir Ernest MacMillan. Nowadays Sir Ernest has great choral and instrumental resources under his control and last week's two performances of the work by the Mendelssohn Choir, for spontaneity, expressional beauty and sincerity, could probably not have been equalled anywhere on this continent, while having the firmness and unity of production found in great drama.

Bach's profound dramatic instinct has given the work moving effects with instrumental color, double choir climaxes, etc. and these were ably exploited by Sir Ernest. For instance, the haunting use of the oboe, played by Perry W. Bauman, of the T.S.O. heightened drama in the awesome contralto solo, "Golgotha", sung by Eileen Law. The use of strings exclusively gave an appropriate aura to the utterances of Christus, which part baritone George Lambert sang with a sustained sincerity and eloquence. The harpsichord, played by Greta Kraus, was employed to give point to the narrative passages of the Evangelist. As he has for some years past, tenor William Morton gave a performance in this role that was not only distinguished as solo work but also as unification to other elements of the production. The orchestra, in two parts with each supporting a choir, and Frederick Silvester at the organ provided not just accompaniment but an emotional tone coloring.

Highest devotional splendor was attained in the choral effects ("O Father, let Thy will be done", "Be near me, Lord", etc.) with single or double choirs and choruses assisted by a "Ripieno" choir of women's voices from Bloor Street United Church. The vocal and choral reflections throughout, sung by Lillian Smith, Eileen Law, Jean Letourneau, Frederick Morris and John Harcourt, were never commonplace, had no thin spots in performance and bound commentary and dramatic incident together in a living structure. Excellent voice quality and refinement of enunciation characterized the soloists, while attack, diction and majesty of tone did likewise for choral singing.

Satire with Music

In a brilliant satire developed as a masque on the spiritual struggle and death of the 14th century St. Anthony, the contemporary British team of Ronald Duncan and famed Benjamin Britten have blasted 20th century importances, or nuisances, like radio and the misplaced emphasis on science. Last week the New Play Society, under the direction of Dora Mavor Moore, gave "This Way to the Tomb" a North American première in the Royal Ontario Museum Theatre. Part I takes place at the saint's tomb on a Mediterranean island where an annual miracle is reputed to take place. Lister Sinclair, young Canadian author and actor, played the saint with a fine conception of the role and emotional expressiveness. His novitiates, Budd Knapp as Bernard the scholar, Glenn Burns as Julian the poet, and Frank Perry as Marcus the peasant, accomplished the task of handling the poetry with an effective combination of sincerity, polish and sensitivity that is rare on the stage today. Nor do we think that Duncan had given them the best of material to work with. On occasions the Tallis Choir, directed by John Cozens, sang off stage Britten's music set to a Psalm. The singers added a strength to the first half.

In the anti-masque, with a crowd at the tomb on a miracle anniversary "in the near future", main details were a play-by-play radio report of proceedings, scientists trying to photograph the saint's spirit and other stylized japes on the modern age. The music too was in keeping with boogie-woogie and blues beat out idiomatically on two pianos.

The performance impressed us as a smart piece of production with top-notch talent working in an interesting, almost experimental form, albeit with sometimes thin, but never awkward, material.

Many unusual features in the new works of Canadian composer Leo Smith reveal fresh aspects of chamber music. At a recital in Hart House Theatre on April 16 (the fourth presentation of his works by this composer), the program will offer a Quartet for Two Voices, Cello and Piano; a Ballad for Harp and Cello; Songs; Divertissements in Waltz-Time for Piano. In addition, the Trios for Voice, Cello and Piano, first presented in 1946, will be repeated because of requests.

JOHN KNIGHT

John Knight, outstanding Canadian pianist, is the second artist to appear in the Canadian Pianist Series. His performance will be in Eaton Auditorium on Wednesday, April 16.

A program of contemporary music by Canadian composers will be given in the auditorium of Harbord Collegiate, April 17, at 3:45 p.m., sponsored by a group, including the well-known violinist Murray Adaskin, interested in widening the opportunities of performance for Canadian music and in reaching a wider audience. The Ontario Department of Education is also behind the venture. After persuading some of Canada's finest artists to include Canadian music in their repertoire, the group can work toward the real objective of stimulating a greater audience familiarity.

Vladimir Horowitz, celebrated pianist at Massey Hall, Fri., April 18.

THE THEATRE

Ballet Russe Has Some Novelties

By LUCY VAN GOGH

THERE is not much that is new to say about the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, which has been occupying the stage of the Royal Alexandra for the last two weeks. There is no doubt that the ballet is a living force in the theatre of today, for it goes on replacing the disappearing figures of past years with new ones, and adding constantly to the repertoire, with very little to suggest that the great days are over. In "Le Beau Danube", for example, Frederic Franklin does Massine's choreography for the Hussar with much grace, and only for an instant or two does one remember that his predecessors touched a much deeper note in the scene where everybody turns against the Hussar for his behavior to the Street Dancer. And in compensation it must be admitted that the background work of the corps de ballet in this production is much better than that which sometimes accompanied the stars of the olden time. Danilova of course is of all time, one of the great dancers whose names will never die. With Krassovska, Tallchief and Danielian the organization is well supplied with able solo dancers.

Several novelties and the revival of "Scheherazade" marked the visit. "Night Shadow" is a highly dramatic scenario to music by Bellini, much

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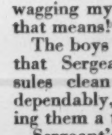

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LEFT:
MOCK ORANGE—Philadelphus
RIGHT:
HONEYSUCKLE—Lonicera

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improved by modern orchestration from the pen of Rieti. Glazunov's gorgeous "Raymonda" rather taxed the resources of the company, but was received with the utmost enthusiasm. It is extraordinarily rich in rhythm and orchestral coloring, and the orchestra did itself great credit in this performance.

Next week we are to have the Chicago production of the highly successful "State of the Nation" by the authors of "Life With Father". The present critic saw this production in its home town about six months ago, with the identical cast which will appear here with the exception that Judith Evelyn, now starring in New York, is replaced by Erin O'Brien-Moore, the clever young actress who was seen here last season. The play is a most effective commentary on American politics and the performance exceedingly smooth and accomplished. The piece should, of course, have been entitled "Life With Uncle Sam".

THE FILM PARADE

"The Egg and I", with Most of the Original Flavor Left Out

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

IT WAS hard to imagine how Hollywood could make anything out of the Tobacco - Road - cum - Atlantic Monthly best seller "The Egg and I" since most of the original was held together by the author's tireless sense of humor, while the humor itself was devoted largely to the more unscreenable mores of the rural locale. However, one never has to worry about Hollywood. It always has a suitable plot in the ready-made section as well as an unexcelled spot-cleaning department. The screen version of "The Egg and I" is now completely presentable, and quite indistinguishable from any other Claudette Colbert - Fred MacMurray comedy romance you ever saw. All references to rural outhouses have been fastidiously eliminated. As compensation Claudette Colbert takes a hearty prattfall in a pigsty. Probably as a concession to the author she remains the gay, dauntless, superhumanly reasonable heroine of the original, at any rate up to the point when for plot purposes a blonde rival (Louise Albritton) is introduced—a lady farmer, and strictly the Peck and Peck type, who saunters about in country club clothes and never commits the rustic solecism of putting her arms into her coatsleeves. Once the triangle is established the film takes leave of the author for good. Any Hollywood student can take it from there.

Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray are old hands at this sort of thing; and if you wonder how they can bear to go through the same routine of mannered naturalness, cuteness and high spirits year after year, you must also recognize that, given their material and conditioning, they could hardly do any better with it. It is certainly to their credit that they can attack a cold-storage item like "The Egg and I" with such an air of appetite and enjoyment. In fact, there should be a special Oscar offered every year for the actor and actress who do the best with what they have, and I think the award should go annually to Fred MacMurray and Claudette Colbert.

Proved by Actual Test

To test the theory that Hollywood films are made for the twelve-year-old intelligence I took a twelve-year-old along with me to "The Egg and I." My twelve-year-old reacted brilliantly, usually several seconds ahead of the action. "They're going to fall through the door!" she would announce, or, "The table's going to go down, bang!" She was right every time and enjoyed herself thoroughly, and I'm glad she did. A year or two from now she may be too old for that sort of thing.

"Song of the South" is a mixture of animated cartoon and live action and, technically, as expert a blend as Disney has ever concocted. Half-a-dozen of the famous Uncle Remus fables have been strung on a story of a southern plantation, and the real actors and the cartoon creatures seem equally at home against the photographed and the fanciful backgrounds. Unfortunately, there the magic ends. The animated sequences, though infinitely more lively and entertaining than the background story, are never better than second-rate Disney, and the story itself, which takes up two thirds of the footage, might have been invented fifty years ago by a particularly dull imitator of Harriet Beecher Stowe. There is even what threatens to be a child's death-bed sequence when it wouldn't have seemed inappropriate if the little hero had been hoisted to Heaven by ceiling pulley. Fortunately the film recovers itself in time and ends on a more cheerful if less traditional note. There seems to be no doubt either that Disney is a genius or that his genius is able to operate brilliantly apart from his better judgment.

"It Happened in Brooklyn" is regional fare that manages to be generally entertaining, thanks to Frank Sinatra, Kathryn Grayson and Jimmy Durante. For some reason one naturally assumes that the Sinatra hysteria has been worked up about a complete vacuum so it always comes as a surprise when Frank Sinatra presents himself as an engaging actor as well as a voice. He is quite pleasant to watch as well as to listen to in his latest picture and so is Kathryn Grayson. Both sing tirelessly, their best number being a duet from "Don Giovanni." Jimmy Durante also obliges hoarsely with "It's Gotta Come From the Heart," and I hope I may be forgiven for finding Mr. Durante's number easier to listen to than the practically interminable "Bell Song" from "Lakmé" sung by Miss Grayson. A simple-minded plot goes along with these specialty numbers, its chief purpose being to supply cue-lines for the bursts of song. The film is almost excessively amiable, even for a tribute to Brooklyn, but it is quite acceptable entertainment.

SWIFT REVIEW

THE LADY IN THE LAKE. The experimental mystery-film which substitutes the camera-eye for the hero. There is any amount of technical ingenuity, but the story could have got along just as well without it. Robert Montgomery, Audrey Totter.

I SEE A DARK STRANGER. A very funny English comedy - mystery about a fighting Irish girl who tries to do her bit for the late enemy. Deborah Kerr, Trevor Howard.

THE BEGINNING OR THE END. The story of the Atom Bomb, and pretty impressive in spite of some Hollywood fancifulness. Brian Donlevy, Robert Walker.

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THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

It's Time for the Woman Voter to Learn the Facts of Political Life

By CHARLOTTE WHITTON

Ottawa.

"GET-Y-UP Napoleon! it looks like rain."

No one who has dwelt long in The Valley but realizes that all things seem to conspire together for a possible Dominion election this autumn, *if* there is a good harvest; (that is, in agricultural production, not necessarily in the fruits of political policies). And, if it comes, this year, next year or any reasonable time in the next score of months, all indications are that the women of this country will be given as insignificant a role in the wings as they have been playing for a generation now,—and they really will deserve it for lack of their own schooling for more important parts.

There can be no doubt of the sincere and intense concern of hundreds of thousands of Canadian women in the grave problems and complexities which beset the Canadian economic and political scene and, in fact, in their intelligent and broad grasp of the significance of our policies in the international sphere and their bearing back upon the homes and life of this Dominion.

But, once again, we women—and the "good substantial citizens" (male) as well—are taking it out in careful reading, in study groups, in forums on everything from what we can do to increase production by a backyard garden right up to the preservation of personal faith in the cruel destructiveness of an atomic world.

And we "form opinions" and "come to conclusions" and forward resolutions to the further imperilling of dwindling paper supplies. We petition councils and legislatures, ministries and Parliament and, earnest aspiring Dumbos, we trust, some way, to being carried aloft on the strong wings of public opinion to the habitations of our desires. The woman who manages her household, the man who directs his business, each knows that success does not come upon profound conviction and earnest advocacy of sound principles and practice but upon putting these into effect where life is lived and business transacted.

And so it must be if women particularly are to bring their great power to bear in government. We must enter and operate where government begins, continues, and consummates.

Local Party Set-Up

In the present Canadian system, the functioning of democratic government begins in the formation and operation of the contesting political parties. It ostensibly centres in the great national (or provincial) party conventions, the evolution of policy there, the speeches, the head tables, the reception for the Leaders and their wives, etc. Of course there is "HDQ stuff" and, of course, there dwells the High Command, but the machine, on which it rests, is built by the slogging mechanical corps right down in the city ward rooms and the corner stores on the concession lines.

Palatable or not, the truth is that if women (and the Boards of Trade, and the Service Clubs and the Better Government Leagues) really believe in their franchise and in free and representative government they have to begin down here where the party begins: that is in the local riding, and, in the riding, within the party association.

That's where the knowing really build, fix and oil the machine. And not one in a thousand Canadian women ever gets near that assembly line. It's because of our ignorance of what makes the wheels go round and we remain ignorant because we have not been interested to the point of learning the "know how." Perhaps it is because so many of us are not mechanically-minded that we have been content to remain back-seat drivers in these party machines.

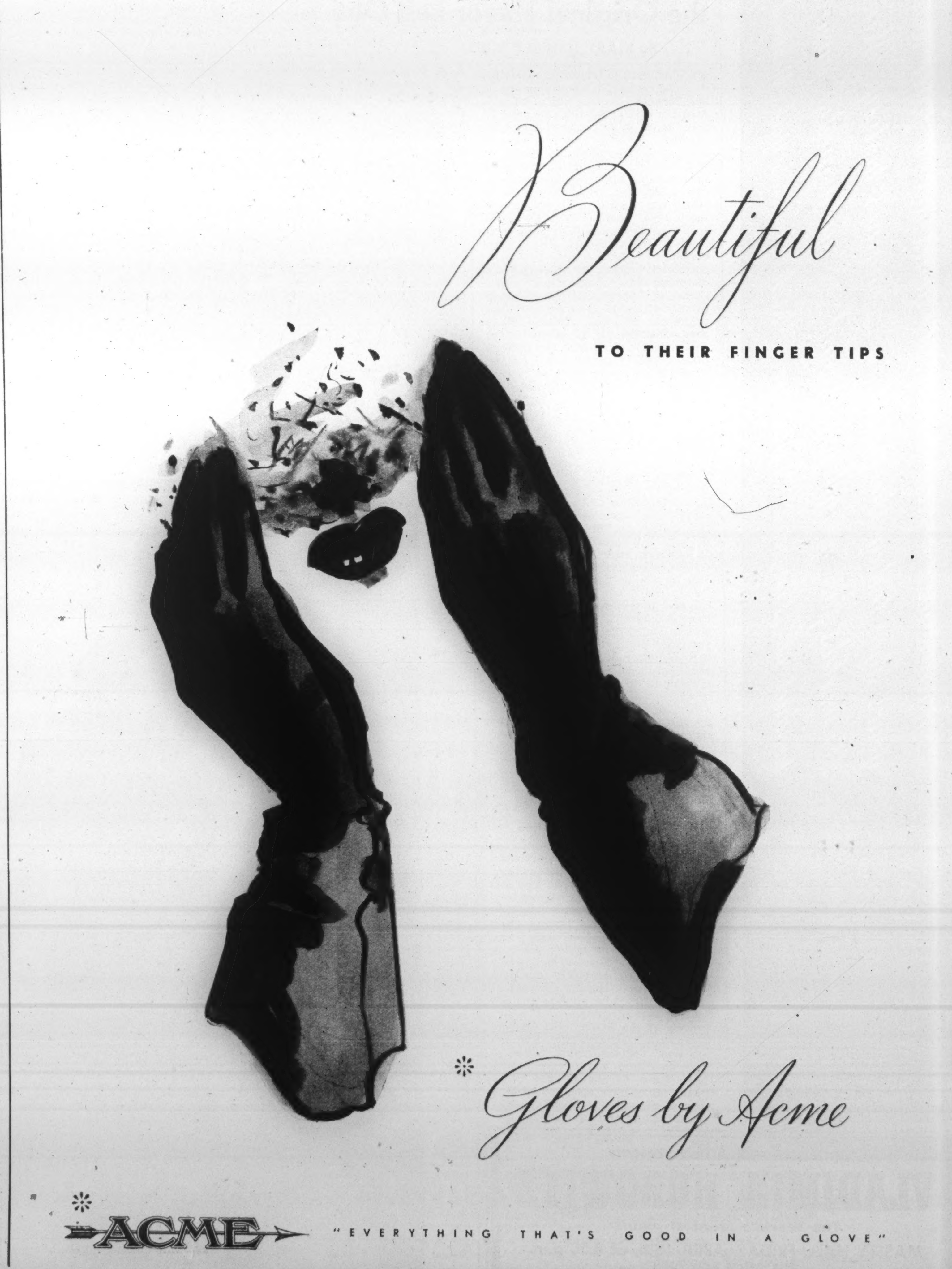
Democratic government has become something of a grim joke in Canada, if you really take the trouble to "get out and get under" and see how it really works. Of course, we still have our free elections, and the "good solid citizens" and the women wear themselves ragged to "get out the vote." It's a mistake, as we at present plan it, for we come too late with too much because by the time the nominations are out it is too often the case that, in honesty, it would be better to get out the candidate than to get out the vote.

If women are going to be candidates or are going to get women as candidates, they've got to be in on the full operation and organization of the ward or riding association. They must have equality of voice and vote there and discard the device of "auxiliary" and women's committees, etc. Only thus will they have any effective power in planning and controlling the riding "convention."

Too many women think that the party's nominations are miraculous revelations of chosen leaders. They must learn that a convention is organized and managed. Women must know about "swinging it," or "throwing" it (current political usage does not favor elegant English but it would be wrong to use really *good* English to describe much of the "machine" and its operations). Possibly not one in ten thousand women knows how a party convention is called, and, of course, on the whole, only the party managers know how it's going to be run.

It cannot be stressed too strongly that a nominating convention presupposes a party organization behind the contender, whether it be the constituency affiliate of an established party or the rare spectacle of the independent who is trying to appeal with the backing of those who have faith in his or her particular cause or appeal. But the Canadian democracy works on the party principle. This assumes that people of like political belief should belong to their Party Association.

Many riding associations have no or nebulous local constitutions while, in many extant, women are not really persons or of equal status therein. Though even in the Ark the sexes went in two by two on a basis of real equality, practice is just not equality



in the membership of most local political party associations today. The fine phrases of the Liberal Federation's constitution, and the Progressive Conservatives' manifestoes and the C.C.F. and Social Credit protestations to the contrary, actions speak louder than words: there is little practical equality among men and women at the local riding level in Canadian politics today.

When it comes to choosing a candidate to stand on behalf of any party, the Party Association is *supposed* to call a full, free, honest, above-board convention before which any member of that Party is *supposed* to be able to appear, and to appeal for nomination, as the Party candidate. He or she must then accept the verdict of a *supposedly* fair and above-board ballot, taken after hearing all those nominated.

The Party Convention

Party conventions are generally of two types—"closed" or "open." The "closed" convention is based on a pro rata number of delegates from every polling sub-division in the riding. They must be chosen and certified by that sub-division of the Party Association.

They may go to the convention, as "instructed" delegates, that is, they are given one name to vote for. They may be given a second and third "instructed" choice. (When they can't read this is generally printed on a piece of paper so they can identify the same mystic signs on the ballot. At least that's a good old custom in certain constituencies, including some in the Ottawa Valley.)

The contender who is a "smart operator" generally has his nomination "sewn up" in this way, days before the convention even meets. That's the "packed" convention. It's safest but it generally costs a lot.

Sometimes, however, there is a "closed" convention, with delegates and delegates at large with a "free" vote. This generally happens when there is sharp competition and the polling sub-divisions want to be on the winning side. Also, if there's "much money loose" it's more profitable for the individual delegate. It is especially preferred by delegates when one of the contenders is a sitting member, and especially if he be on the government side: for they can then make him deliver more than promises before they give him another chance.

Then there's the "open" convention, where every member of the riding association who can get to the convention can vote. That's what they call "good going" in this Valley, especially when it ties in with a constitution which calls for members being certified by the president or secretary-treasurer. All the candidate, who has friends and enjoys a good campaign fund, needs to do is get ten or twelve trucks, keep them out of sight and roll them down, loaded with his backers, just as the convention opens. That's "stealing" the convention.

The Nominee

Then there's "throwing" the convention. The "big boys," generally the ministers or the "real shots at the top" of the party, want one nominee and one only and they advise the faithful to see to his nomination or — there'll be no campaign funds for that riding and no public works and no patronage.

(In these last paragraphs the masculine gender has been used throughout because no party has taken the candidature of its women seriously enough to use these mechanisms to get women nominated; but certainly both the old Parties have used some of them to keep a woman from going to the convention or carrying it when she got there. One could give these instances a local habitation date and name were the evidence required.)

Sometimes a hardy soul "bolts" a convention. A nominee either refuses to submit to what looks like a "fixed" decision or leaves, refusing to accept the result of the ballot. Then, however, down comes the mallet of party discipline and the full power of the party is turned against the independent.

Perhaps the surest way to get a good number of good candidates of strong convictions would be for men and women of common interests and convictions to get together, to get out petitions of support and call their own conventions. After all, when the official nomination day comes round, any one who has the nomination deposit fee and proper signatures is eligible for nomination.

But an election takes money: the rent of halls, cars, and printing alone runs into thousands of dollars even in a rural riding. The returns of expenses do not show it: "friends of the candidate" do all this—unless, and this is a vital fact—unless hundreds of earnest, honest convinced people get together, with their 25 and 50 cents, and finance their own cause and candidate out of the contributions of their own convictions. That's what the newer parties do: that's what Agnes Macphail did. Frankly, it is probably the only way in which women are likely to get nominations in the greater part of this country in the next decade, at least.

If women want anything like equitable representation in the legislative bodies of Canada and the Provinces they will have to do one of three things, or perhaps take the "best two out of three"—(1) learn to operate the party machine; (2) arouse interest enough to smash it; or (3) get out and create individual set-ups of their own to back the individual woman candidate and rally all those who believe in her behind her local campaign.

It's time for the woman voter to learn the facts of political life. Then she'll be able to take care of herself. And there's something more: once the party leaders and party managers realize that she's "on to the system" they'll treat the woman voter and the woman contender for the party's candidature seriously. Until then, we're just jollied along, something like the advertisements, always a bridesmaid, never a bride; always a good party member, never a member of the Legislature or Commons.

ART GALLERY AT DUSK

I LINGER where the fading light
Falls ghostly on the gilded frames,
The painted faces touched with night,
The kings with half-forgotten names.

I watch the deepening shadows fall
On princes lost in robe and lace;
But moon-white Venus, most of all,
Stands proud in this sepulchral place.

Then laughing voices waken me,
A class of happy girls stray past;
I, brushed by youth, turn back and see
Not Venus but a bloodless cast.

ARTHUR STRINGER

TOOKE
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WORLD OF WOMEN

We Have This Rabbit: Advanced Thinker Is Lively Belowstairs

By LOIS STOCKDALE

IT'S NOT really because I am an animal lover that animals happen to me. As a matter of fact, most fur-bearing creatures fill me with a mixture of panic and awe. Horses, for instance. The middle of a horse does not present to me a terrifying picture, but nothing on this green earth can get me within poking distance of the front or the back end. Thus, because all horses are equipped with two ends, my social contact with the Horse is nil.

Similarly, at the other end of the scale, the lowly mouse is liable to fill *my* breastie with panic, rather than vice versa. Yes, I realize that the mouse is much scareder of me, that it really can't claw me to death, that mice as a race are not carnivorous, etc., etc.—but such intelligent arguments don't carry much weight when I am besieged by a mouse!

Even domestic pets are looked upon by Your Author with a certain amount of disfavor. They are always sitting in chairs, or coming out from behind doors or from under chesterfields and greeting me with glee, jumping-ups, and assorted barks and purrs. This is very disconcerting to one who features furry creatures in her nightmares.

Nevertheless, despite my markedly tepid reaction to our four-footed friends, my home is an Animal Haven. Wherever you go, you find animals. Cats, principally.

I think that only two cats are our own, but we have a great contingent of Guest Cats constantly coming and going. Cats sit in our sink. Cats lie softly cushioned on my sewing. Cats eat richly off the very best meals if you leave the kitchen for a minute. Cats are comfily ensconced on my bed-spread. Great, big fat cats, too—good eaters, who greet me with snarls of defiance when all I want to do is go to sleep, or even sit down on the corner of a chair and rest for a moment. Cats sit in our dining-room window, calling to other cats outside.

"Come on in," they say. "This is the softest touch we've found yet! Just meow at the back door, and someone's bound to open it!"

How right they are! If you are patient, some one *is* bound to open the back door, even if it's only to say, "*Go away*, cats!" When this happens, you have a front seat at the parade. In walk cats.

Of course, there are times when all cats are shoo-ed out of doors. These are the times when the turtles are allowed out of their bowl for a constitutional. Constitutional Day can be a little bit trying if the turtles are in a frisky mood, and are inclined to scuttle coquetishly into hidden corners. Often . . . but *often* . . I have been met with the cry, as I came in my front door, "Be careful! The turtles are out!"

Once tragedy struck. One of the turtles was lost for three days. This was very inconvenient, since casual visitors kept thinking we were joking when we asked them to be careful and not step on the turtle. Joking . . . or else!

The cats were the most put out, though. They couldn't come in for three days, and I was afraid they'd start to picket the place. I was forced by the Official Household Cat Owner—a strong-minded juvenile who is definitely an animophile — to leave my garage door open *and* the car door ajar, so that we wouldn't be deserted by felines! (Oh, unhappy thought!) However, the Lost One was eventually found, hibernating in a corner by the radiator.

Food And Sex

And then we have this rabbit. During the summer, Rabbit lives in a neat cage in the back yard, which same yard he has trickily undermined with long tunnels which lead nowhere. Rabbit does nothing to justify his existence as far as I can see, except fatten himself up for the Winter. (In the Winter, he fattens himself up for the Summer). Once we bought Rabbit a mate, so that at least he could perform according to his kind, and add more rabbits to the world. (This was strictly *not* my idea!) However, he nearly killed the little woman, so that didn't work.

By the way, there are two schools of thought on this matter. One, which is mine, is that Rabbit is too smart to want to split a good thing with either a mate or the inevitable offspring. Two, which is the Official Rabbit Owner's opinion (see above, same person) is that undoubtedly we were ill-advised about Rabbit's sex, and procured the *same kind of rabbit.* (This last was rather delicately explained to me as one, who, while undoubtedly a Mother, had not spent any summer holidays on a farm and didn't know about Animals.)

However, in the summer, Rabbit is not a great deal of worry, except in so far as he is the chief child-attracter of the neighborhood. The good-hearted children are always bringing their own animals around to meet Rabbit, and since our street runs to dogs, these well-meant introductions usually lead to War. Rabbit—a dog-eater if I ever saw one—snarls viciously from his cage, and the dogs bark timidly from a safe distance.

Also, Rabbit's nourishment must be provided at great trouble by the Rabbit Owner, who takes long journeys by street-car to kindly Pet Shops . . . always located at the end of some car-line . . . who handle rabbit food. Most pet shops, it seems, figure rabbits can get out and forage for themselves, (and I must say I go right along with them on this).

It is in the Winter, however, that Rabbit has proved himself a bit of a Thing. He lives, quite openly, in our cellar. Any tentative suggestion on my part that he be caged during the winter months meets with scathing scorn.

"That poor, little thing, caged up in that dark cellar, all alone, not having any fun? Mother! How *could* you!"

Well, I could, but I have a weak character, and I don't. So Rabbit runs wild, and has developed habits which put him in a class by himself. Sometimes I wonder if he *is* an animal at all . . . but enough of that! First thing I know I'll be talking myself into getting the place exorcized.

Take his diet. The first winter he lived underground *chez* us, we didn't know about his predilection for rubber. Not until he had eaten all the heels off our rubber boots, gnawed

For the first days of spring comes this conversation-making print dress with clipped neckline, curvaceously moulded hipline. By Louis Berger.

his way through two hard-rubber scooter tires and munched briskly on the insulation for the electric fan, did we discover it. We just barely saved the bicycle tires by hanging the bicycles from the ceiling, which is not the most convenient method of storing bicycles in a small cellar.

However, we had not yet plumbed the depths of Rabbit's dietary peculiarities. Oh no! It wasn't until Rabbit had eaten parts of two woven laundry baskets, half a beige wool sweater, a sheet of corrugated wrapping paper, a section of old carpet, a good portion of a bag of charcoal, most of a rotogravure paper and bits and pieces from the ashes, that we realized we had a fanatic on our hands. Rabbit was a New Dealer ... an Advanced Thinker about food. Obviously he was evolving a new school of thought about nourishment requirements. And obviously it is a successful school, because Rabbit is now colossal ... one of the biggest hares I've ever seen, and still growing. Of course, he supplements these faddy foods with good old oats, cauliflower, lettuce, sweetened milk, special rabbit pellets and daily squares of chocolate (not peppermint or anything chewy, though. See R.O.)

Rabbit has three great passions. One is for the coal-bin. It is a bit disconcerting, on a cold winter's evening, to be listening to a horror show on the radio, and suddenly to hear from the cellar a great rush and clatter of coal, followed by a squeal which sounds like the death of all small things. You then rush to the cellar to rescue your creature, only to find that Rabbit has, as usual, kept well ahead of the coal-fall, and is simply giving rabbit love-calls of encouragement to his black "amour".

Fiery Hide-Out

His second passion is the foot-square dirt plot, walled with cement, which surrounds our water pipe entrance. Dirt, to Rabbit, means digging, and many's the time we have leisurely paced cellar-ward, to find nothing of Rabbit but a dirty pair of busy back feet and an enormous mound of nice, brown dirt. He always comes out with a proud look, too, as much as to say, "Wasn't that the clever Rabbit? I'd like to see *you* dig that fine, big hole with only *your* paws!"

His third love is the furnace. And no matter how many times that fool Rabbit gets scorched, he still loves the furnace! When you shake the fire down, and then leave the bottom door open for a few minutes for a draft, that's when the Beast goes into action. Quick as he can, he treks into this cosy hide-out and starts to dig out the ashes. When he hears you coming back, he quietly cuddles at the back of ash-pit. And then ... when you shake the fire again ... out speeds rabbit ... scorched and bitter and swearing wicked Rabbit oaths ... with sparks and ashes flying from his fur! No, Rabbit's life is not a dull one!

Fortunately for all concerned, no dogs have come to live with us lately. The Animal Owner hasn't had much luck in having dogs follow him home for quite a while. Dogs being mild creatures, at best, the last one became discouraged at the slight confusion resulting from the different layers of animals ... cellar to Rabbit, living-room to cats, dining-room to turtles ... and he left. Apparently the word has gotten around, because at the moment of writing, we are definitely a dogless domain.

The only family increase we can definitely look forward to is the annual addition to our cat crew. I guess it is time we were taking the shoes out of the Animal Owner's cupboard and making the usual nest for prospective mother cats, which, as usual, they will ignore in favor of the big chair in the living room. Oh well, as we always say, Life must go on. By the way, would anyone like a nice kitten?

JOAN RIGBY

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Practical Approach to Housing

By COLLIER STEVENSON

WITH the approach of the traditional spring building season, more and more people become vitally interested in new homes. This year, because of the continuing shortage in housing, probably the interest is even greater than usual. Certainly, the line-ups that form around newsstands displaying books on housing would seem to confirm that. And those books literally are legion this year. One of the most interesting is "Homes for Canadians," by Lillian D. Millar, (Ryerson Press, $1.00) which has a refreshingly practical approach.

Unfortunately, when studied, most of the houses publicized—even glamorized in some cases—in these books are variations of a basic four-room-plus plan allowing a maximum of but two bedrooms, a maximum that is little short of an open invitation to race suicide. In any event, for the average Canadian family today two bedrooms are not sufficient. By the same token, a kitchen scaled down to the area of a good-sized cupboard cannot possibly cope with an average family's ordinary requirements for food preparation and serving. The complete absence of a dining room or the substitution of a tiny alcove for a dining room of adequate size also will be noted in many of the plans now presented to the public, and the lack of any sort of suitable storage space is so marked that it raises the problem of just where room for even an extra towel would be found.

Room For Living

And where are the inevitable household activities to be managed, where are children to do their homework, where learn the amenities of formal dining, where is anything in the nature of social entertaining to be attempted in these rooms of both limited size and number?

Because they have such an important bearing on the improved living conditions which Canadians have a right to expect, these are some of the questions which prompted the author of "Homes for Canadians" to compile her keenly analytical book. In the book, the need of proper space for the main housing requirements—convenience, comfort, economy, safety, privacy, health and beauty—is accented. Nor are the shortcomings of today's housing as sponsored both by private and government agencies in losing sight of these axiomatic points minimized by the author.

Though, in her criticism of much of the housing produced or planned during and since the war years, the author may appear to be somewhat destructive, her treatise is definitely constructive in the last analysis; for, after pointing out current discrepancies in planning, she proceeds to indicate what is needed to remedy these faults. Clearly, too, she emphasizes that in this connection women as the homemakers best acquainted with family needs can wield a big influence for good if only they become articulate in demanding improvements.

The second portion of "Homes for Canadians" deals authoritatively with problems which affect the majority of Canada's prospective home-builders — such topics as the logical amount to invest in a new home, choosing the most suitable location, financing the undertaking, mortgages, taxes, maintenance, family budgeting. All in all, "Homes for Canadians"—many of its chapters based on articles previously published in SATURDAY NIGHT or *Canadian Home Journal*—is an invaluable guide-book for anyone who contemplates building a house under present conditions to meet current and future needs.

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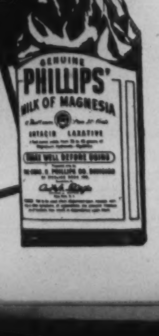

THE DRESSING TABLE

Position Wanted: How to Nurture the Lowly "Job" into a "Career"

By ISABEL MORGAN

MORE and more girls are directing their minds toward careers, but a career seldom is the result of haphazard chance or inchoate thinking. The backgrounds of those who are considered successful career people usually reveal intelligently directed effort, a well-defined idea of what they want, and a willingness to face up to the fact that prize jobs do not drop into anyone's lap without a lot of hard work on the part of the winner.

Practical and pertinent advice was obtained on this subject from Miss Dorothy Berry, who was a recent visitor to Canada. Miss Berry is educational director for Helena Rubinstein. Her work is directed to young women in the age group of 14 to 30 in general, and to the potential career girl in her last two years in college in particular. Miss Berry is a native of Sussex, New Brunswick and in herself is an excellent example of the young woman who has gone out and got herself a career. She has degrees from Dalhousie and Columbia Universities and was working toward her doctorate in London and Oxford when war broke out.

Job Attitude

Here is some of the advice she gives the girl who is working toward a career:

What is your attitude toward your job? Some girls still have the feeling of the war years when it was a fairly simple matter for anyone to obtain a job. It still is easy to get a job, but it is twice as hard to hold it. Employers are raising their standards of qualifications, behavior and general attitude.

The young woman should realize that she cannot jump into an executive job the first year she begins to work. She must be willing to earn the experience and maturity of mind that pays off in the top positions. Miss Berry cited the instance of a young woman who wanted to become a designer. She was earning an excellent salary in another field, but relinquished it to take one of the lowliest jobs in the needle trades at fifteen dollars a week. Her faith in herself and the solid background of practical experience gained in working up from the bottom has brought her to the point where she is now the highly-paid chief designer for a large pattern company.

Among the things that the young woman slated for success must have, according to Miss Berry, are strong professional ethics and a belief in older people. Inner spiritual cleanliness must be accompanied by a healthy, well-cared for body.

A knowledge of the essentials of good grooming is highly important, and so, too, are posture and voice. Watch that telephone voice, says Miss Berry. If you are annoyed or upset when the phone rings, never, never, let it show in your voice when you lift the receiver. A clear, well-modulated voice at all times is like money in the bank. We seldom know how our voices sound to others, but a good way to find out is to test it by speaking with hands cupped behind the ears.

No Limit To Success

Miss Berry has asked many people who are tops in their fields for comments on what the young would-be career girl should know.

Loire Brophy, the famous placement manager who places executives in positions that carry salaries of $10,000 and *up*, has this to say, "Good, *suitable* grooming is one of the most important things in the initial approach to a job. Don't wear sequins and fussy shoes when you are applying for a job."

College girls are well-advised to lay aside with their text-books the bangles, charm bracelets, pullovers, saddle shoes and the rest of the regalia that was smart in the free-and-easy atmosphere of school days. And save your perfume for date time, says Miss Berry. Use cologne during office hours.

John Fredericks, the hat designer, when asked what attribute he looked for in the girl who wants to become a designer, replied, "Humility. A college degree is not sufficient in our business if a girl despises picking up pins off the floor and stuffing hats with tissue paper."

Alma Kitchell, who was acclaimed "The Golden Voice of Radio for 1946," has this to say, "In radio one must have a good voice and must like people. If you or your voice is the least bit stilted, the audience will react unfavorably."

Madame Helena Rubinstein's comment is, "There is no limit to success. At the age of seventy there are still new fields to conquer. Never stop learning."

Veronica Dengel, author of many books on beauty, "Unless we return to the old system of apprentice training, it is going to be difficult to find trained people."

Simmered down to its essence, the advice of those who should know, appears to be, "Know what you want, but don't expect to get it without sweat, work and perhaps some tears."

• •

SOON WE'LL EAT GRASS!

ACCORDING to an English scientist, grass is a better source of protein than either wheat or oatmeal. He maintains that humans could get ten times their normal protein requirements every year from grass grown near their homes. In addition grass contains certain vitamins which vary in amount according to climate, soil, season and variety of grass.

However, grass in its raw state is too full of indigestible fibre to be eaten by man. The technical problem of making grass into a really attractive and palatable product is now being considered by bio-chemists and they hope to find a solution before long.

In New Jersey a scientist has for some time been bottling grass juice and getting an increasing demand for it. He says that a bottle of the juice can take the place of a meal.

Brown and rust softly blend in stripes on the cream-colored background of this back-flaring coat designed by Philip Mangone. It has its own attached hood, which is lined in rust. A clever detail is manner in which stripes change direction to form an outline around the top of the sleeves and down the side seams.

CONCERNING FOOD

Spring Heydey of Householders Who Take the Season Seriously

By JANET MARCH

PERHAPS people who live in hotels can view spring with luxurious laziness but that is not possible for householders. That first day when the sun is warm enough for one to sit outside on the verandah steps and smell the spring smells is heavenly, but good housekeepers are seldom to be found sitting in the pale April sunshine. They are on their hands and knees cleaning out cupboards, fighting the great god moth, parcelling and labelling the family's winter clothes. Instead of those delightful spring smells of growing plants and warming earth the poor things inhale the moth killing odors of paradichlorbenzene, and instead of the first robin's chirping they listen to the hum of the vacuum cleaner with those complicated attachments adjusted to suck dirt out of dark corners. Nor is the work all physical for we all know that terrible mental conflict "To keep or not to keep". Will the next child grow into it or will it be a moth trap for many a year? Better send it to England at once and then there will be more room in the cedar chest.

By doing this you can help out the British who exist on such a meagre clothes ration, and also rid yourself of a few more things which otherwise you would have to look after. While we are thinking of the British have you remembered to send all the food parcels you possibly can? If you would like the name of a family greatly in need of this help you can get one by writing or telephoning the Volunteer Department of the United Welfare Chest of Greater Toronto, 100 Adelaide Street, W., Toronto. Lists provided by Lady Reading are obtainable in other centres across Canada, if you do not live in or near Toronto.

The letters received from the families in the British Isles who have been helped in this way by generous Canadians would make anyone rush right out and wheedle their grocer for collector's items such as jelly powders to send off. And don't forget the dried milk and cheese in every parcel.

Good old Tennyson who lived in England at a time when servants were not the expensive luxury they are today wrote light-heartedly in the bumpy metre of "Locksley Hall," "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." That may be, but in addition nowadays many young men have to turn their fancy to furnace cleaning, lawn rolling and window polishing. A spring week-end is likely to leave either a male or female householder feeling in violent need of some of those powerful spring tonics with sulphur and molasses in them. One thing that helps is lots of good food, preferably the sort that doesn't take too long to cook.

Spaghetti And Kidneys

1 box of spaghetti (a one pound box)
2 beef kidneys
1 can of condensed tomato soup
1 cup of grated cheese
1 bay leaf
A pinch of ground cloves
A pinch of cinnamon
3 tablespoons of butter
Salt and pepper
Paprika
1 cup of Canadian Burgundy

Boil the spaghetti in salted water until it is tender and then put it in a baking dish. Dice the kidneys, taking out the hard pieces in the middle, and sauté them in a little butter. Then mix them in with the spaghetti. Kidneys should be cooked quite a short time or else parboiled gently for a long time. If you cook them a medium time they are tough. If they are beef or pork kidneys it is better to cut them up quite finely and just cook them about five to ten minutes. Lamb kidneys are the best, but are hard to come by, are pretty expensive and also very small. Heat the condensed tomato soup and add to it the burgundy, the bay leaf, cinnamon and cloves. When warm pour onto the spaghetti mixture and stir well in. Season with salt and pepper. Cover the top with grated cheese, sprinkle with paprika and brown in the oven for about twenty minutes.

The pink rhubarb now in the shops makes everyone think of lovely fresh spring food, and it is considerably cheaper than the imported asparagus which makes your mouth water as you pass through the vegetable section. Try making tarts with the rhubarb, that is, if you have been able to snare any shortening lately. If not, eat it plain stewed and thank heaven that the sugar ration has increased.

Rhubarb Tarts

1 pound of rhubarb
1 cup of sugar (less if you can eat it without wrinkling your nose)
Juice of half a lemon
2 eggs
Pinch of salt

Cut the rhubarb in half-inch slices and arrange in layers in a saucepan with sugar in between the layers. Cook very gently and you will need to add no water. When soft add the lemon juice. Beat the yolks of the eggs and when the rhubarb is just done stir them in and cook for just a minute. Pour this mixture into individual pastry shells. Beat the whites of the eggs till they are very stiff, add a little sugar to them and top the tarts with the meringue. Cook in a slow oven for about ten minutes.

Pearls and Sugar

SUDHOFF in his essays on the so-called "Pest Books" of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, shows that sugar was an ingredient of practically all of the remedies mentioned as being used during the first epidemics of the fourteenth century (*circa* 1330) which spread from Italy through the European countries during the period following the year of the Black Death, 1348. He states that "hardly one of the remedies mentioned lacks sugar, for it is added even to the medicaments for the poor as a substitute for the costly electuaries, precious stones and pearls that go into the remedies for the rich."

In the sixteenth century book "The True Descriptions of All Professions," by Hans Sachs, is found the following:

"In my shop of drugs are stored
Many things of sweet accord,
Spices with sugar I combine,
Enemas and purges I divine,
To strengthen the weak and the sickly,
Refreshing draughts I furnish quickly.
All these with utmost care,
On prescriptions I prepare."

—From "Sugars and Sugar Derivatives in Pharmacy" by Paul S. Pittinger.

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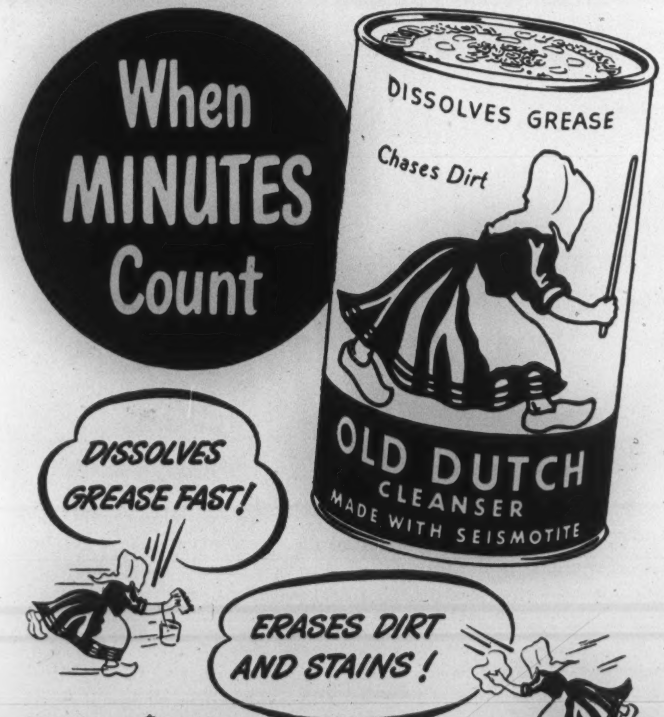

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LONDON LETTER

Living in the Fens Is a Gamble against Hell and High Water

By P. O'D.

London.

AFTER the frost the flood! It is hard to say which has done more damage — probably the flood, when it is considered how long and how much it will take to repair the devastation of such areas as the Fen country of the east coast. The Fens contain some of the richest agricultural land in England, and it may be years before it is in full production again.

Not that flooding is any new experience for the people of the Fens. All through history down to about 300 years ago, the Fen country was simply a huge swamp formed by the silting up of a bay of the North Sea. Various attempts were made — including some by the Romans — to drain parts of it. But the wind and the waters always reasserted their ancient empire over it, and gave it back to the reeds and the wild birds and the few hardy amphibians who managed to find a living there.

It was not until the days of Charles I that a really serious attempt was made to reclaim the Fens. In 1637 the Earl of Bedford formed a syndicate of local landowners, who raised something like £100,000 —a lot of money for those times— to drain the Fens, and divide up among themselves the rich farmland which they hoped thus to establish. The scheme naturally aroused the bitter opposition of the Fen people; and it is interesting to note that their leader was a young squire of Huntingdon named Oliver Cromwell, who was destined in later years to lead a much larger and more successful rebellion.

The Earl of Bedford and his friends went on with their scheme. They built their dikes and dug their ditches. By 1641 the job was done, and it remained only to take possession of the land. But nature refused to be tamed. The gales roared and the waters rose, and all their work was swept away—to be rebuilt a few years later, this time successfully, by Cromwell himself, now the head of the Government. It seems a bit ironical, but what Oliver probably objected to in the first place was, not their draining the Fens, but their claiming the land.

Since then the Fens have had a good many floods, some worse than others, but none quite so bad as the present one, which is said to be the worst in their history. Perhaps the Fens will always have floods, for the land lies below the level of the sluggish rivers that meander through it. It only needs a heavier than usual flow from the nearby downs, or the gales backing the sea into the streams, or both together as sometimes happens, and sooner or later there comes a break in a dike or a river-wall. In a matter of minutes many thousands of acres may be inundated.

It is claimed that the Fens and similar low-lying areas could be made safe against this constant menace. During the serious floods of 1937 a famous Dutch engineer made a report suggesting what should be done to ensure safety. The difficulty was the cost. That difficulty is now greater than ever. It seems likely therefore that life in the Fens will continue to be a gamble against hell and high water. Really careful people will probably keep a collapsible boat under the bed. Many a family has needed one.

Another Rumor?

Rumor may be a vague, drifting thing, with no more substance than so much smoke. But like smoke it does serve sometimes to show the way the wind is blowing, even when there is so little wind as to be barely perceptible. And just now one small, quiet, and persistent rumor in London, where rumors are almost as plentiful as smoke, is that the Government is thinking of holding a General Election in the autumn.

There has been no official pronouncement that would give even a hint of such intentions. No eminent public figure, no leading journalist, has so far discussed it seriously. It is a matter of gossip and conjecture. You are always meeting people who claim to know, or who have friends in positions to peep around official screens or listen at official keyholes, and they tell you the news with an air of assurance that would be most impressive if similar assurances hadn't so often proven to be mere froth and foolishness.

Still this particular rumor persists, and it must be admitted that the rumor-mongers make out quite a logical case — if logic really has much to do with politics. The Government, they say, is greatly worried by the economic clouds that are rolling up black and menacing. Political clouds, too, for there is rather a mutinous spirit developing among large sections of Socialist opinion, and there has been a good deal of frank and even bitter criticism from Socialist stalwarts in the House of Commons. Besides, the length of life left to the present Parliament is much too short for the effective establishment of the vast schemes the Government has fathered—just about time enough for their defects and dangers to become obvious, and not nearly enough for their advantages to prove themselves.

Under the circumstances, it would look like sound political strategy to go to the country while the going is still good. There seems to be little reason to doubt that the Socialist Government would be returned to office, though perhaps with a somewhat diminished majority. That would mean another five years of power and planning. It must be a great temptation to the tougher-minded old campaigners among them. Not all Socialists are idealists.

On the other hand, the country just now is in no friendly mood towards the mere playing of politics. Any such evidence that the Socialists meant to dig themselves in might produce a dangerous reaction, even among their own supporters. It may therefore be that the Government will postpone such a decision until a genuine crisis should make it necessary to seek a new mandate. Personally, I think this more probable, but it is anybody's guess just now.

Cricket Is an Exception

Followers of cricket are no doubt rejoicing that the authorities have consented to exempt that sport from the official ban on mid-week games. The Test matches against South Africa and all the usual county matches are to be held as planned. Bat will bang against ball as in happy times before the war, and somnolent supporters on the benches will wake up every now and then to murmur, "Well played, sir!".

All this is very pleasant and reassuring, but there is a large, ugly fly in the ointment, an intrusive tack in the seat of their enjoyment. Blandly as they may try to ignore it, there it is, and the vulgar followers of other sports grin in malicious appreciation. The reason given by the authorities for cricket to carry on is that it makes no difference. In the words of the Home Secretary, the attendance at mid-week cricket matches, even first-class cricket, has no effect on productive industry.

In other words, not enough people spend their time watching cricket, and those who do are mostly sleepy old buffers who wouldn't be doing anything useful anyway. It is a hard blow to take, a bitter draught to swallow. The great summer game! Can't you imagine how Dr. Grace would have bellowed through his black beard.

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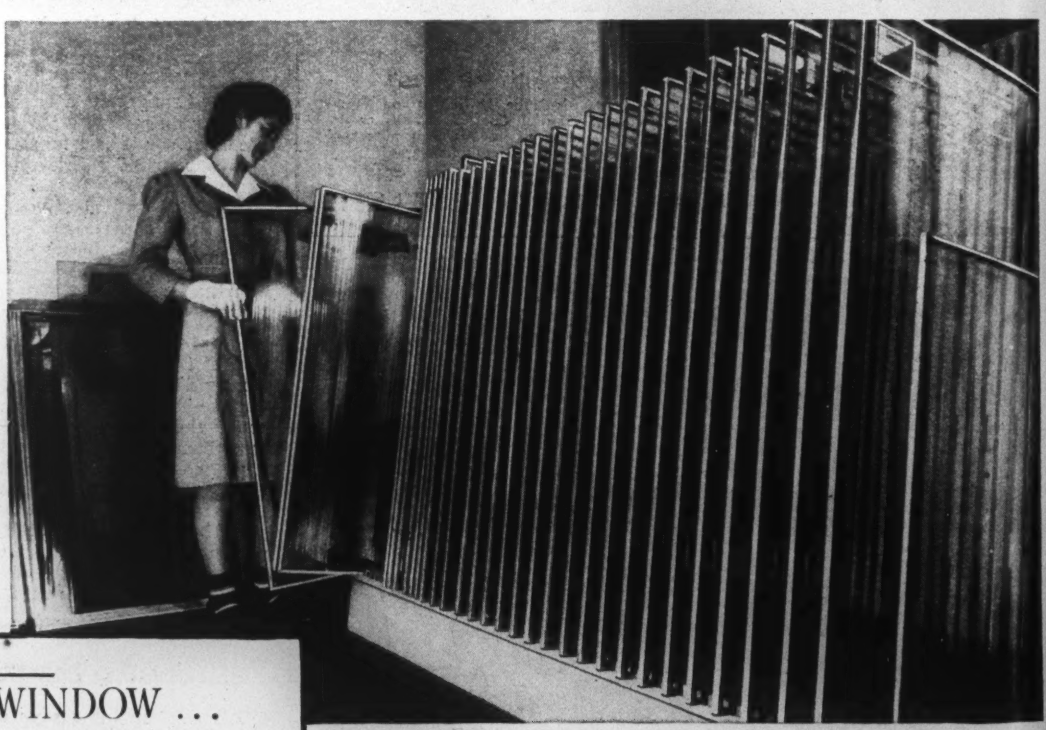

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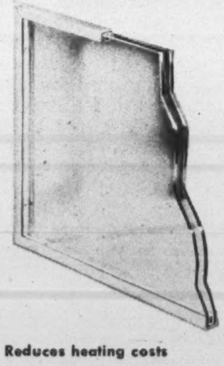

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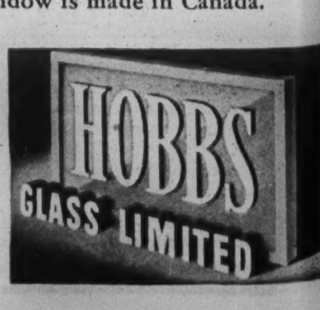

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THE OTHER PAGE

Some Monday Morning

By FLORIS McLAREN

LYMAN DAWES woke with a feeling of having overslept. The sun was shining full in the bedroom window. Why hadn't he heard the alarm? Then he realized confusedly that Lucy was already downstairs and moving around the kitchen.

Slowly the confusion cleared. This was Monday morning right enough, but the office was going on without him.

He remembered now that Lucy had said with determined briskness as they were going to bed "I'm not going to sleep late tomorrow. It's so easy to get the habit when you don't have to get up." He knew the remark had been partly a suggestion aimed at him, and of course she was right. He got up now, shaved and dressed, and reached the breakfast nook just as Lucy, her grey hair neat, her blue housedress fresh, was pouring the coffee.

Somehow the morning felt like Sunday. He almost said to Lucy, "Would you like to drive up the Shore today, and have dinner somewhere?" But one didn't go off on a jaunt like that on a Monday. Now, right at the beginning, was the time to establish some sort of routine. He finished breakfast and found his old sweater and garden gloves. "I think I'll get some of the perennial bed replanted this morning," he said.

He called Lucy several times from her vacuuming to decide which clumps of delphinium should be divided and which discarded. Later she helped him find the pruning clippers that had been misplaced in the basement. The last time he called her he thought there was an undertone of impatience in her voice as she answered. It was gone in a second and he was not sure he had not imagined it; but his nerves were on edge, and he dug and planted doggedly, without asking her advice again. The autumn soil was heavy and cold and he developed a sharp ache below one shoulder-blade, and was thankful when Lucy called him to come in for lunch.

"I thought I'd drive downtown," he said. "Did you want to go down for anything?" He thought she hesitated, and was immediately afraid she might say yes to humour him. "If you don't," he added quickly, "I'll stop and get a haircut," and was certain her voice sounded relieved as she said, "I thought I'd iron the bedroom curtains this afternoon and get them hung."

As he left the car at the usual parking lot, the impulse to drop in at the office was so strong that he grimaced wryly as he resisted it. Old Baxler had done that. He remembered his inevitable diffident entrance just when they were busiest; his tentative, "just passing, thought I'd stop and say hello," how the impatience had mounted behind their friendly answers.

Seated in the barber's chair he realized two things: that he did not really need a haircut, and that he was more tired than he remembered being in a long while. Not used to strenuous gardening, he told himself.

"Hello, Dawes, how are you?" The hearty voice belonged to Kitley, a business acquaintance. "They tell me you retired last week. Lucky stiff! You can sit on your fanny while some of us poor devils have to slave till they bury us."

Lyman knew that Kitley would have liked to say "While we taxpayers support you." He realized that he had never really liked Kitley. He began to say, "It's a contributory scheme you know..." but stopped wearily in mid-sentence. What would Kitley care what he had paid into it. He sat in silence while the barber finished, grimly paid for his haircut, and walked out.

LUCY had taken extra pains with dinner. He recognized the touches added to please him, the garlic in the French dressing, and his favorite upsidedown cake for dessert. On the sideboard the big silver tray gleamed with a warm deep lustre. From where he sat he could not read the inscription, but he knew it by heart.

According to office custom, he had been tactfully sounded out beforehand. There was the tray, or a watch, or a set of matched luggage; the staff hoped he would give them some idea of what he really would like.

He and Lucy had talked it over. "Luggage stays in a closet most of the time," he had said, "and I have a good watch. What do *you* think, Lucy?" "There's something so beautiful and permanent about silver," she had mused. "Sis having it some day, and her children after." So the big tray shone on the sideboard; "Presented to Lyman Dawes by his associates. . ." Thirty-five years twisted into that grapevine around its edges!

Later they sat by the fire, Lucy under the lamp, setting careful stitches into the needlepoint chair-covers that had been laid away while she knitted through the war. "You should have a hobby too," she had said half-jokingly, said it several times in the past year. The word was associated in his mind with serious small boys trading stamps, and under-exposed films drying in the bathroom. And yet, he thought now seriously, it was true that everyone needed the thing a hobby gave you. But at his age what did you do about it? He threw a half-smoked cigarette into the fire.

Lucy spoke, still carefully watching her needlepoint, "I've been wondering . . . what would you think about making a really long trip? Take the car and go South... perhaps as far as Florida, but just take our time about it." "I don't like closing a house at the beginning of winter." It was the first objection came to his mind.

"Freda and Don are at a hotel till their house is finished. They'd jump at the chance to move in here for two or three months." She added more softly, "Do you remember the trip we made to California with the children? That was fun."

He sat silent for awhile, looking at the fire. Strange roads, strange beds, sometimes poor meals in overcrowded hotels. They had called it fun . . . but would it be again? He did not want to say, "We were twenty years younger then." He looked furtively at Lucy. Her face, under the lamp, was placid, un-eager.

This was going to be one of the worst things, he realized. He would never be certain what she really wanted; whether she was trying to satisfy him. Did she really want to go away now? He remembered the bright contentment of her face as she hung the freshly-ironed curtains.

She spoke again. "It would be nice to be with Sis and Bob for Christmas . . . it's a year since we've seen the babies."

He wasn't sure of that either. Married children had their own lives. Perhaps they would want their babies to themselves at Christmas.

Oh damn this self-questioning, he thought disgustedly. Why can't I just go ahead and accept things? Why do I have to turn everything over to see the other side?

He made his voice gentle as he answered Lucy. "We don't have to decide tonight. Let's sleep on it."

As he locked the front door and put the guard in front of the fire, he realized again that he was tired . . . so tired that it was an almost unbearable effort to climb the stairs.

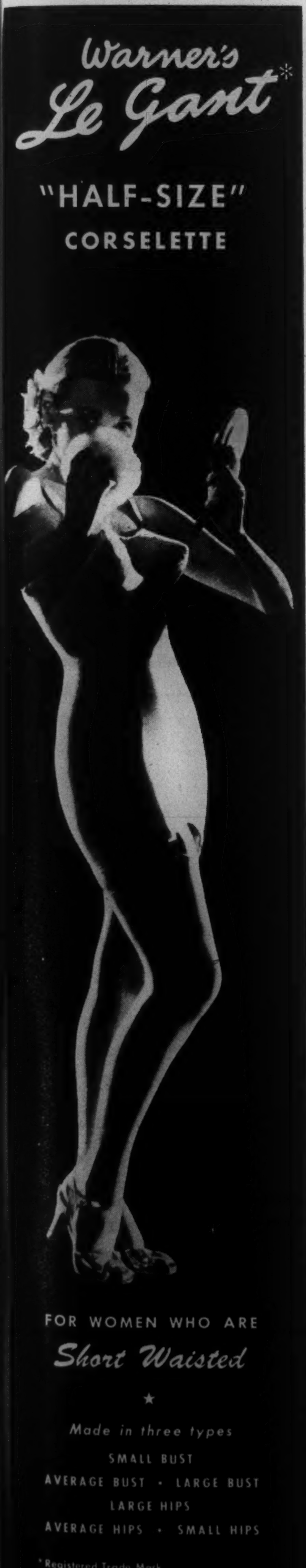
I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

I REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was raised,
And how my mother bowed her head,
And father was amazed,
And how the homely air was filled
With epithets ungentle
The day from five to six a week
The landlord raised the rental.

I remember, I remember
My mother's proud delight
The day my father went to him
To buy the home outright;
He paid a thousand iron men,
And all the neighbors hissed:
"Your father should have gone instead
To a psychiatrist!"

I remember, I remember
The family's joyous hollers
When father sold our little shack
For fifteen hundred dollars . . .
But now 'tis little joy to search
The streets in chill December
For rooms where I can sit and write
The things that I remember.

J. E. PARSONS



Beautiful Bride. . . *wonderful wedding! And all so serenely accomplished, by the capable, far-sighted Wedding Bureau at* EATON'S

World Needs Confuse Wheat Price Talks

By JOHN L. MARSTON
Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London.

The "burdensome surpluses" allowed for in the International Wheat Conference plans nine months ago have not materialized. The recent weather in Britain and Europe indicating unexpectedly heavy import demands do not make a perfect background for the Conference discussions in London, as the main problem is that of price.

International control of wheat clearly indicates obligations towards both producers and consumers, but it must also take into account the difference in production capabilities of various areas and aim at an overall increase.

THE International Wheat Conference in London has been faced with basic problems. There is in the case of wheat a hint at least of what might be done to allocate essential commodities on an international scale in relation to needs. But that was not the primary purpose for which, in July last year, the idea of the Conference was formulated.

At that time there was every reason to expect what has been described in the draft plan as "burdensome surplus", and, indeed, if the other producers had fared as well as those of the North American continent there would certainly be comparative abundance, in a hitherto half-starved world, in 1947. The recent rise in Chicago wheat prices, for only the second time in a century, above $3.00 a bushel reflects a very different situation. Poor harvests and an exceptionally bad winter in Europe hold out prospects of quite unexpected import demands.

This has not been a very helpful background for the discussions of the representatives of the 41 countries represented at the Conference. For the original plan was to ensure some measure of stability for the producers. Consumers' interests are, of course, represented in the objectives —"adequate" supplies at reasonable prices, "adequate" stocks without "burdensome surpluses", "increased opportunities" for countries which are in the best position to meet the world's needs, while allowing "security" to efficient producers, and so on.

But the *raison d'être* of this latest attempt at cooperation is the formulation of plans to avoid the violent fluctuations in wheat prices which marred commodity trading between the wars. The proposal that "the effective operation of the agreement should not be impaired by abnormal exports from countries which have not acceded to it" seems to imply restrictionism.

This is well enough if it means not restriction of supplies to hold up prices but orderly production and marketing to avoid chaotic disorder. International control clearly implies obligations.

Problem of Price

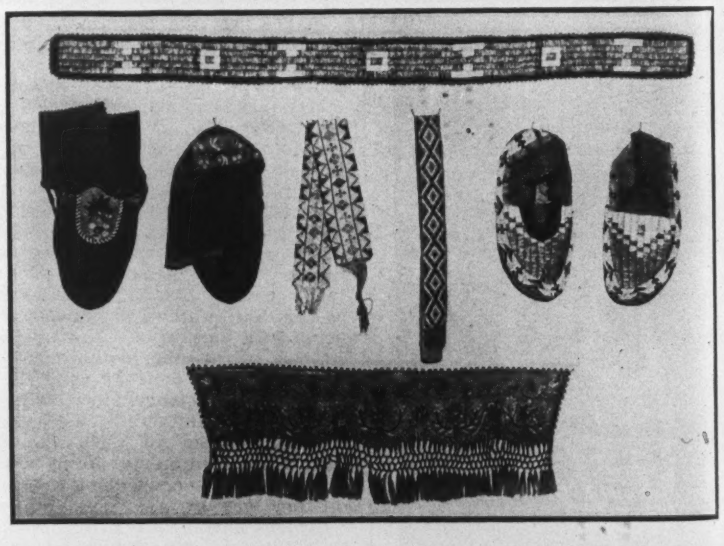
The main problem at present is to decide the price. There is a marked contrast between the present "free" price and the important bulk-purchase price of 155 Canadian cents fixed last year between Canada and Britain in respect of shipments in 1947-48.

That price, which seemed "about right" when it was agreed, has become very favorable to Britain. It is equally likely that a price agreed now on the basis of world values would look exorbitantly high next year, for no one expects present values to be maintained indefinitely. In fact, the prices before the Conference for discussion, though varying widely between 100 and 180 Canadian cents, were roughly in accordance with the prices now being paid by Britain.

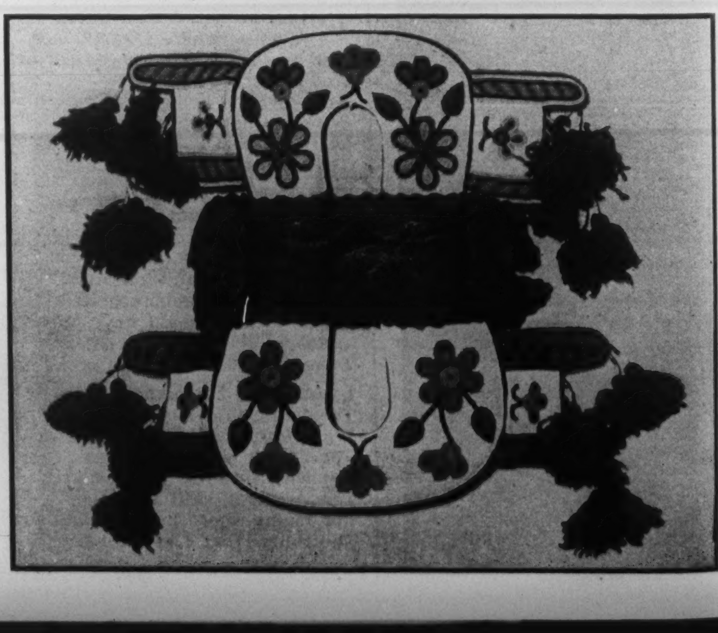
(Continued on Next Page)

Indians To Be Encouraged To Revive Near-Lost Arts

With growing interest in handicrafts there are signs that Indians are to be encouraged to revive arts which, because of changed economic conditions and, to a lesser degree, shortage of materials, have suffered a severe falling-off in recent years. With this aim, the Indian Committee of the Handicraft Guild of Canada is arranging an exhibition of All-Indian crafts at Montreal Art Gallery in June. Prizes are being offered for work submitted and it is hoped the exhibit will later tour Canada. Some of the finest specimens of Indian work in Canadian museums will also be shown. Pictures show (1) Embroidered fire bag, or general carry-all, by Indians . . .



. . . of Manitoba, and basket made of spruce roots from B.C.; (2) garter, moccasins, bracelet and belt in porcupine quill work and beads; (3) saddle cloth in eastern floral design originally taught by Quebec nuns.



THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Why Canada Must Sell Abroad

By P. M. RICHARDS

WE CANADIANS are in the habit of reading forecasts of business conditions in the United States as if they applied to Canada, except maybe for a difference in timing. Our style of living is much like the Americans', we do a good deal of visiting in their country and welcome many of them here, we read their press and listen to their radio programs, and in our attitude towards world affairs we are conscious of being, like them, North Americans. Psychologically we are justified in feeling a strong sense of kinship. But we are very different peoples economically. And, in our own interests, we should recognize and accept that fact.

The crucial point of difference is in respect of international trade—a life or death matter to us, as we are now constituted, but relatively trivial to the U.S. The United States is so largely self-sufficient that export and import trade is a very small factor in its economic well-being, accounting, in fact, for only about 7 per cent of its annual national income. Canada, in startling contrast, derives currently about 40 per cent of its national income from export and import trade (assuming that we were getting paid for all our exports, which unfortunately is far from being the case). Canada is perhaps the least self-sufficient country in the world.

The United States could lose all its export and import trade and financially it wouldn't make a great deal of difference. Materially, there would be some inconveniences and deprivations for a time, but by finding substitutes for some now-essential imports the country could probably adjust itself to living wholly within its own fences. Its standard of living might decline somewhat, but probably not enough to be very noticeable.

Our Position Very Different

How different is Canada's position! This country, with its present economic set-up, couldn't get along for even a few months without exporting and importing. We have heard so much about our limitless natural resources that many of us do not realize that while we produce certain commodities—wheat, minerals, lumber, fish, newsprint—in far greater quantities than we could possibly consume ourselves, we are deficient in other things such as oil, coal, steel, winter vegetables and a long list of materials and parts which enter into a surprisingly large amount of Canada's industrial production.

This situation means, in effect, that we in Canada live—or at any rate maintain that standard of living to which we have accustomed ourselves—by trading our surpluses of grains and minerals, etc., for the goods, natural and manufactured, which under present conditions we must have to keep our system functioning. Without those exports we can't pay for our imports, and without foreign buyers for our wheat we would have a lot of wheat-growers without means of livelihood. No doubt many ex-wheat-growers and ex-miners would find other profitable occupations, but it's probable that many others would find themselves reduced to the subsistence level of peasants. Canada's industry would lose a large part of its best market. The whole Canadian economy would be sharply affected and the national standard of living correspondingly lowered.

This Canadian dependence for national income on markets outside our own borders clearly means that we are much more closely and directly concerned than is the United States with the buying power and recovery prospects of the countries which constitute those markets. Unlike the United States, we cannot long be prosperous if those countries are prostrate. And the sad fact is that a large part of the world is well-nigh prostrate at the present time.

Recovery Disappointing So Far

Postwar reconstruction plans have so far shown disappointingly meagre results. Most of the aid extended to needy countries has been in the form of financial loans and credits and relief shipments of food. But it is now clear that this is not the solution, that the real need is that these countries shall be enabled to stand on their own feet and produce their own requirements. This is not merely a matter of recovery from the physical hurts of war but, in many cases, of resolving vital conflicts of political ideologies. This, unfortunately, seems far away.

A move in the right direction will be the inter-trade conference at Geneva in the near future, in which eighteen nations, of course including Canada, are to participate. The object is to lower tariffs and existing trade barriers by mutual agreements and thereby increase the international flow of trade, and particularly to devise means whereby the United States can become a larger importer of other countries' products. The rest of the world is in urgent need of U.S. dollars wherewith to buy U.S. supplies, and it is much healthier to earn them by exporting to the U.S. than to be given U.S. loans. But will U.S. business interests tolerate more competitive imports?

Canadians, too, if they want to sell abroad and receive payment, must be willing to accept more imports, even though they compete with domestically-produced goods. From now on there should be more reliance on efficiency in production to hold domestic markets and less on sky-high tariffs. Productive efficiency, achieved through reasonable wage and material costs, low-as-possible taxes and close attention to quality of product, will also be the means of winning and holding export markets and of providing a sufficient number of jobs, together with an abundance of goods at moderate prices, at home. In short, it is the way to economic health, here and abroad. And it seems that, for us at least, there is no other way.

(*Continued from Page* 30)

It must be said quite frankly that the U.S. wheat interests appear, from Britain's point of view, to be exploiting—with the aid of a not-unwilling Government—a temporary shortage of wheat for their own benefit. Such an attitude is understandable after the distressing experiences of the past. But it will not help to achieve that stability which is in the long-term interest of producers and consumers alike. Nor is the allocation of wheat on a political basis in accordance with the basic tenets of international control.

It must also be admitted that the whole scheme before the Conference was not, to British minds, a good substitute for the plan for buffer-stocks previously advocated.

The obligation of consumers to import minimun quantities, and of both consumers and exporters to accumulate minimum stocks (to be increased or diminished according to a somewhat complicated formula), the proposal—specially at such a time as the present—to hold prices rigid over a period of years, in fact all the paraphernalia of the plan, seem to compare unfavorably with the straightforward and relatively elastic idea of purchasing by Governments for reserve when the price falls below an agreed level and selling from those reserves at prices above that level.

Differential Price

An additional complication, which it seems might lead to all sorts of difficulties, is the differential price plan as between normal commercial imports and imports under the F.A.O. nutritional program. The idea of compulsory exporting to undernourished countries at specially low prices afer the world price has risen above an agreed maximum is sound enough in principle; but is there any guarantee that the "special price" transactions would not be subsidized by the "commercial" importers instead of the producers, whose profits from world shortage the plan is evidently intended to diminish?

It seems inevitable that the "special" prices, however hypothetical, would be taken into account in settling a figure for "commercial" imports. This can be, in any case, no solution of the problem of malnutrition, since it is intended to ensure as far as possible that "surpluses" shall not arise.

It is not in the present interest of consumers nor in the future interest of producers that wheat shall be left to flounder in the open market. International control, since that is necessary, has to take into account many factors. It has not only to allow just and relatively stable prices to producers and a steady flow of wheat at reasonable cost to consumers. It has also to take account of changes in the capabilities of production as between one growing area and another; and it should certainly aim at a substantial overall increase. On these counts the plan which has been presented to the London Conference falls short of the hopes which were born at Hot Springs.

NEWS OF THE MINES

Estimates of Quemont Reserves Likely at Annual Meeting

By JOHN M. GRANT

ABOUT a year ago, the official estimates of indicated ore reserves at Quemont Mining Corporation's property, in the Noranda-Rouyn district of Quebec, — rapidly developing into one of the most important mines in Canada—were placed at 6,000,000 tons of gold-copper ore. Since that time this figure has substantially appreciated, due to the expanding of the original ore area, and the tracing downwards of two legs, one to the southwest and one to the northeast, proving continuity to depth, and it is expected a revised estimate will be available for shareholders at the annual meeting to be held on April 30. Five diamond drills have been working on the ice of Osisko Lake to test for extensions of the ore and fill in gaps left in the drilling last winter when the break-up came early, and ore reserve figures await completion of this work. Five drills are also operating underground.

•

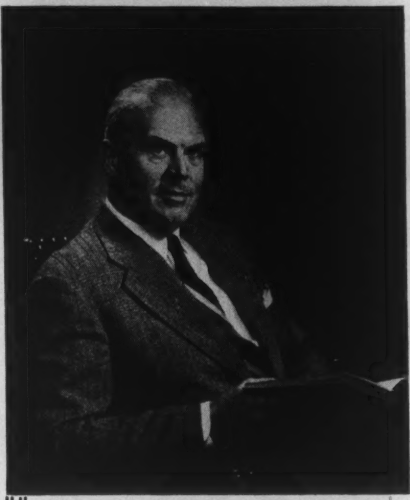
Development at Quemont Mining Corporation is being carried out from the old mine workings and the deepest drill intersection is over 2,000 feet below surface. The initial objective of the new shaft is 1,100 feet and at last report it was down over 200 feet. The exploration program from now on will largely be concentrated in the underground workings and the next main centre of interest involves tracing that section of the favorable ore horizon which extends between the southwest and northeast legs from the 200 down to the 900-foot levels and deeper. There is approximately 1,000 foot length of favorable contact in this section still uninvestigated. The company has carried out extensive mill tests, both in the laboratory and by large-scale mill runs in the Quebec Provincial Test Plant near Val d'Or, and these should be completed in the near future. Encouraging results have been met with and no serious difficulties are anticipated for the determination of a satisfactory flow sheet for a concentration and cyanidation plant. The work to date indicates that the ore is similar to that being concentrated at the Noranda Mines, which it adjoins on the north, except that zinc is present in commercial quantities.

•

Mining Corporation of Canada, which controls Quemont Mining Corporation, owning 1,096,728 shares, or approximately 52% of that company's issued capital stock, in the annual report for 1946 shows an increase in assets of over $7,000,000. Cash, investments at market value and accounts receivable at the year end exceeded current liabilities by $34,166,592. The company's assets, at December 31, less current liabilities as shown by the balance sheet, were equivalent to $16.39 per share, as against $15.70 at the close of the previous year. In addition to financing Quemont, Torbrit and several other operations, a large amount of prospecting and field work was carried out, and J.H.C. Waite, president, points out that the finding and developing of new mines, as well as the acquisition of interests in new properties, will continue to be a major part of the business of the corporation. Operating profit for the year was $288,599, as compared with $122,832 in 1945. Net profit after all charges amounted to $159,286 as against $97,373.

The daily average gold output by 46 Ontario gold mines rose sharply in February and established a new high since July, 1943, it is pointed out in the monthly gold bulletin of the Ontario Department of Mines. Kirkland Golden Gate resumed milling operations during the month, after a shut-down of several years duration. The 46 mines milled 606,790 tons of ore containing 151,103 ounces of gold and 24,554 ounces of silver,

(*Continued on Page* 34)



THE EXECUTIVE

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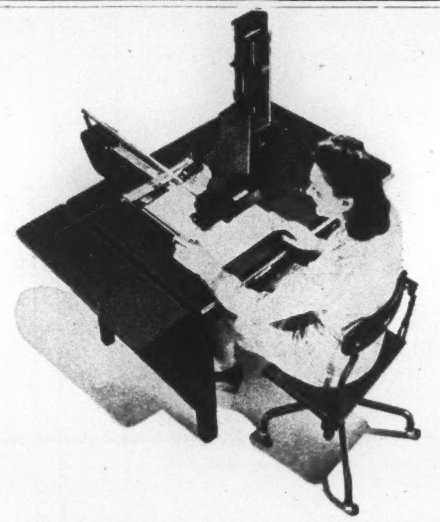

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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

D. M. S., Montreal, Que.—A group of three claims, adjoining south of its property in Beauchastel township, Que., was recently acquired by WINGAIT GOLD MINES, as well as a group of 18 claims in Ivanhoe township, Groundhog River area. The additional claims in Beauchastel township were purchased to protect the orebody already indicated on the Wingait property which outcrops on the new ground. Drilling with two rigs is now proceeding to close in the gap between the most southerly of the original Wingait drilling and the new property. Considerable drilling will be required to close the gap and investigate the new claims thoroughly. Hole No. 46 obtained an intersection of $15.15 over 7.5 feet, starting at 137 feet, and this hole is 150 feet east of the Wasa Lake Mines boundary. A core length of 36.4 feet in Hole No. 45 averaged $9.80. The company has taken out supplementary letters patent increasing its authorized capitalization from 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 shares. A firm commitment has been received for 400,000 shares at 10 cents per share.

E.S.B., Montreal, Que.—WESTEEL PRODUCTS LTD. did well in 1946. Profits for the year, after deduction of income taxes, depreciation and expenses, amounted to $376,000, which compares to $272,000 for the previous year, an increase of $104,000. Earnings per share were $3.18 in 1946 and $2.31 in 1945. Accounts receivable and inventories total $2,335,000 at the end of the year. These figures are $55,000 higher than a year ago. Working capital is now $1,991,000, having decreased $57,000 during the year, due largely to a very substantial reduction in funded debt and to heavier capital expenditures made in 1946. Capital expen-

The Stock Appraiser

By W. GRANT THOMSON

SUCCESSFUL investment depends on knowing two things: (1) What to buy (or sell) (2) When to buy (or sell). The Stock Appraiser—a study of Canadian stock habits—answers the first question.

All active and well distributed stocks (with a few minor exceptions) advance or decline with the Averages. The better grade investment stocks do not normally move as fast as the averages, while on the other hand the very speculative issues have a relative velocity more than twice or three times as great.

The STOCK APPRAISER divides stocks into three Groups according to their normal velocity in relation to the Averages.

The Factors affecting the longer term movements of a company's shares are ascertained from a study of their normal habits. Predominant Factors are shown as:

GROUP "A"—Investment Stocks
GROUP "B"—Speculative Investments
GROUP "C"—Speculations

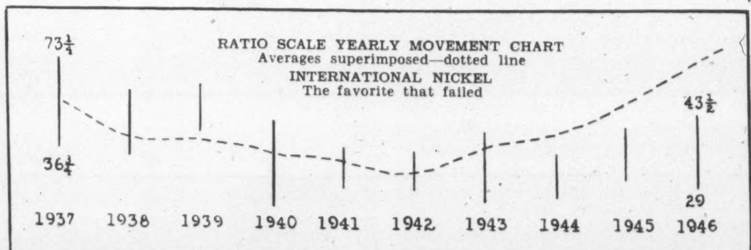
1. FAVORABLE
2. NEUTRAL or
3. UNATTRACTIVE

A stock rated Favorable or Neutral-Plus has considerably more attraction than those with a lower rating, but it is imperative that purchases be made, even of stocks with favorable ratings, with due regard to timing, because few stocks will go against the trend of the Averages.

The Investment Index is the average yield of all stocks expressed as a percentage of the yield of any stock, thus showing at a glance the relative investment value placed on it by the "bloodless verdict of the market-place."

INTERNATIONAL NICKEL CO. OF CANADA, LTD.

PRICE 28 Feb. 47	— $35.00		Averages			
YIELD	— 4.5%	Last 1 month	Down	1.7%	Down	2.7%
INVESTMENT INDEX	— 95	Last 12 months	Down	3.9%	Down	15.6%
GROUP	— "B"	1942-46 range	Up	160.0%	Up	63.7%
FACTORS	—See Below	1946-47 range	Down	19.6%	Down	39.1%



SUMMARY:—International Nickel was a disappointment to many during the war years.

When, after the outbreak of war, a financial weekly conducted a sort of Gallup Poll of Canadian stocks, International Nickel was the outstanding favorite.

It took considerable courage to disagree with popular opinion at that time, but a study of relative velocity figures indicated that well informed investors were selling, not buying the stock. Careful study of the percentage figures above, in conjunction with the chart, will confirm this statement.

International Nickel is a tremendous enterprise. Even a brief summary of its mining properties, its smelter, refining plants and rolling mills, its assets and earnings, would tax the space allowed for this simple analysis.

So we will confine it to a statement that a continued study of the habits of this stock shows that there is a turn for the better. Relative velocity figures are becoming reasonably favorable. There is nothing yet to suggest that Nickel will be outstandingly attractive, but as and if the general market declines further and stocks become increasingly attractive to buy, investors might turn to Nickel with more confidence than for a long time past.

MAPLE LEAF MILLING
Company Limited
DIVIDEND NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of Fifty Cents per share has been declared on the Common Stock of the Company, payable on the Fifteenth Day of May, 1947, to Shareholders of Record at the close of business on the Nineteenth Day of April, 1947.

By Order of the Board.

G. H. HAND,
Secretary.

Toronto, Ontario,
April 3rd, 1947.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA
DIVIDEND NO. 227

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of Twenty-five Cents (25c) per share has been declared for the quarter ending 30th April, 1947, payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after Thursday, the 1st day of May next, to shareholders of record of 31st March, 1947.

By order of the Board.

W. G. MORE,
General Manager.

Toronto, 12th March, 1947.

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THE MONTREAL COTTONS LIMITED

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders of The Montreal Cottons Limited will be held at the office of the Company, 710 Victoria Square, Montreal, on Wednesday, the 16th day of April, nineteen hundred and forty-seven, at the hour of 11.00 o'clock a.m. for the purpose of; Considering and, if thought fit, confirming action of the Directors in enacting By-Law No. 64, receiving the Annual Report, electing a Board of Directors for the ensuing year, appointing auditors, and to transact such further business as may come before the meeting.

By Order of the Board,
CHAS. GURNHAM,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Valleyfield, April 1st, 1947.

"EXPORT"
CANADA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

ditures of $220,000 were made in 1946 and these included $55,000 for buildings, $136,000 for machinery replacements and $29,000 for automotive equipment. Many of the capital expenditures authorized in 1945 were held over to 1946 on account of late deliveries.

A.P.F., Joliette, Que.—Yes, ALGER GOLD MINES owns the former producing Thompson Cadillac property, but shareholders of the latter have no equity in the new company. At present the shaft is being deepened to open two new levels at 975 and 1,100 feet. The property adjoins to the west of the O'Brien mine and the "C" vein being developed is said to resemble the rich No. 4 vein at O'Brien. Drifting last year on the "C" vein on the 725 and 850-foot horizons revealed encouraging conditions and it is hoped that on the deeper levels high grade oreshoots may be developed. The "C" vein has been exposed in cutting the station for the new seventh (975-foot) level and the structure is reported as much stronger than in the corresponding section on the level above. Lateral work on the two new horizons will commence as soon as the eighth level has been established. Most of the proposed drifting will be done on the "C" vein, but a limited amount of work at least will be done on the "A" vein on the bottom horizon.

J. C. G., Aurora, Ont.—ENGLISH ELECTRIC CO. OF CANADA LTD. had a net loss of $168,875 for the year ended Dec. 31, 1946, after providing $136,000 for depreciation, but this loss was reduced to $107,875 by an adjustment of 1945 income and excess profits tax. Net profit for the year 1945 was $126,471. During 1946 production was seriously affected by shortages of material brought about by a succession of work stoppages at the plants of suppliers. This condition, together with heavy increase in wages and material cost and the maintenance of ceiling sale prices for the first four months caused an operating loss. Earned surplus was reduced from $220,091 at Jan. 1, 1946, to $33,220 at Dec. 31, 1946. Current assets amounted to $1,605,445, while current liabilities totalled $1,174,141, including an amount of $260,000 to be paid to an associated company, Production Castings, Ltd., for working capital and shares. Working capital at the year end was $431,304, compared with $842,188 at Dec. 31, 1945, the decrease being due in large part to the investment made in Production Castings Ltd. and in capital additions.

G.E.S., Dauphin, Man.—A new diamond drilling program commenced recently on the property of BOYCON PERSHING GOLD MINES, in Pershing township, Quebec. The whole of the greenstone area of the property has favorable structure for the deposition of gold values, according to J. H. Norrie, consulting engineer. Most of the drilling done previously was of an exploratory nature with no geophysical work to guide operations, but it is now known that the greenstones contain numerous quartz veins carrying gold values. Assays from the first hole in the new campaign, from the ice of a small lake on the property, showed low values in gold. The second hole is being drilled to cut a monzonite contact in the northern part of the property.

N. J. T., Windsor, Ont.—A large volume of consumer buying power, a considerable accumulated demand and the large markets for Canada's primary products made possible for CANADIAN INDUSTRIES LIMITED in 1946 a record volume of sales and a corresponding recovery in earnings from the diminished returns of war years. G. W. Huggett, president and general manager, stated in the annual report. He warned that it would be unwise if the favorable results of a single year were permitted to obscure the difficult problems that lie beneath the surface of current prosperity. The situation, he added, calls for concentration of every effort to promote efficiency and expanding production. Net income last year was 26 per cent greater than in 1945 and sales were almost double those of 1939. Taxes prevented the company in 1946 from equalling the 1939 net income. The greatest impetus to sales has come from such products as nylon yarn, paints, and cellulose film. Growth in the sale of such products was more rapid than that of chemical materials consumed in industrial processes. New markets have been developed and new uses found for existing products. Export business was greater than before the war. Large production of nylon yarn was made possible by expanded plant facilities, and selling prices were reduced.

B. C. F., Saint John, N.B.—Net sales of MINNESOTA AND ONTARIO PAPER CO. in 1946 were $29.5 millions, comparing with $24.5 millions in 1945. Net income was $2.2 million equal to $1.69 a share on 1,292,522 shares of $5 par value common stock, as compared with $1.15 million, or $1.15 a share in the previous year on 1,344,543 shares then outstanding. The funded debt stands at $2.8 million after the company retired $3 million bonds during the year. This was accomplished in part by the redemption by the Ontario-Minnesota Pulp & Paper Co., Ltd., principal Canadian subsidiary, of $1.8 million, payable in United States currency and held by the parent company. Of the $10.3 million program for capital additions approved in 1945, $5.2 million has been spent on projects completed or in process. Additional commitments of $2.4 million have been made.

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

Watch the January Lows!

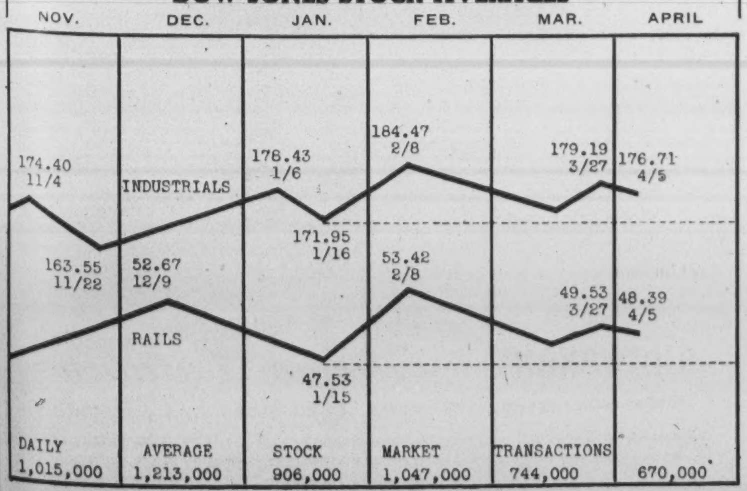
BY HARUSPEX

THE LONG-TERM N.Y. STOCK MARKET TREND: While the decline of the last half of last year went some distance toward discounting maladjustments in the economic picture, evidence is lacking that a point of fundamental turnabout has yet been reached. The September/October bottoms established a base out of which a minimum intermediate recovery has been achieved. Recent international developments may have reversed the intermediate movement downward but this is yet to be demonstrated.

Supporting factors in the price recovery of the past five months have been (1) the technical expectancy for some measure of rebound after sharp decline such as that between August and October 1946, (2) the rather excellent level at which business and earnings have been ruling over the year, to date. On the first, or technical, consideration, a recovery level of about 180/190 on the Dow-Jones industrial average was to be anticipated; on the second, or earnings, consideration, a recovery level of around 195/200 would not be at all unreasonable. At the February peak, 185 was attained.

Markets seldom perform precisely as projected. In the current instance, the technical expectancy, while not completely achieved by the rally into February, was sufficiently satisfied as to rule this force out of further calculations. The rally fell substantially short of the price/earnings expectancy, however. It is on this factor that any further optimism should be based. We do not believe that the price/earnings expectancy, in the current instance, represents as solid a base upon which to calculate as was the technical objective. Nevertheless, as stated during recent weakness, we would give the bullish side the benefit of the doubt **until and unless the January bottoms (Industrials 171.95, Rails 47.53) are penetrated by both averages on closes by 1.01 points or more.**

DOW-JONES STOCK AVERAGES



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ABOUT INSURANCE

Proposals for More Regulation of Accident and Health Business

By GEORGE GILBERT

If federal regulation of insurance in addition to or in place of the existing state supervision is to be avoided in the United States, effective regulation of the business by the several states must be established before Jan. 1, 1948.

Various measures have accordingly been proposed by representatives of the business as a whole and representatives of state insurance departments, some of which have already been outlined in these columns. This article deals with proposals for the more effective regulation of accident and health business.

ACCIDENT and sickness insurance, or accident and health insurance as it is now generally called, which was considered only a very minor branch of the casualty business but a few decades ago, has grown to such proportions in Canada and the United States that it is now regarded as one of the principal lines of insurance along with life, fire, marine, automobile, etc. For example, in Canada last year the net premiums for combined accident and sickness policies written by Dominion registered companies amounted to $14,132,417, compared with $12,649,497 in the previous year, while the net premiums for policies covering personal accidents only were $4,917,843, compared with $4,202,407 in 1945. Thus the aggregate net premiums written for these two types of policies in 1946 were $19,050,260, compared with $16,851,904 in 1945, showing an increase for the year of $2,198,356.

There is quite a difference of opinion as to the extent to which this branch of casualty insurance should be made subject to government supervision as to rates and policy provisions. There are those who hold that government regulation of rates and coverage would not be in the public interest, as it would tend to lessen competition which in the past has resulted in broader policies and lower rates for the insured. It seems to be generally agreed, however, that if this branch of insurance is to become subject to more government regulation it should be dealt with in a separate measure and not included with other branches of the casualty business.

Proposed Measures

Across the line, where all branches of the insurance business are endeavoring to stave off federal regulation of insurance by the adoption of such measures of state supervision as will remove any justification for federal intervention in this field, the Bureau of Personal Accident and Health Underwriters has submitted a proposed regulatory bill revising and adding to the Standard Provisions Law, and including a rate regulatory section. The Health and Accident Underwriters Conference has also presented a bill of a similar nature, but omitting any provision for regulation of rates. A third draft bill has also been submitted by the Insurance Commissioners Committee, dealing almost entirely with regulation of rates.

It is generally admitted that there is probably no other branch of the insurance business in which such a wide variety of policies is offered to the public, and it is a fact that no other branch of the business can show greater development and continuous broadening of coverage in recent years. It is usual for each company doing a country-wide accident and health business to charge country-wide rates, and it is regarded as questionable whether the business could be satisfactorily conducted with variations in rates between states.

It has been pointed out that approval or disapproval of identical rates by 49 jurisdictions would impose an altogether unnecessary burden on state insurance departments and on the insurance companies; and, in addition, if state regulation of rates should result in variations in company rates in the different states the effect would certainly be to add to the cost of doing business, and, consequently, would add to the cost of insurance to the public.

Because of these difficulties, the great majority of companies transacting accident and health business are evidently of the opinion that state regulation of rates is impractical and unnecessary, and that any abuses that may be found to exist can better be corrected by statutory or insurance department measures aimed at improving policy coverage, claim practices and advertising.

In this connection it has been pointed out that the Insurance Commissioners already have broad powers of licensing and examination under which much can be done to eliminate any abuses which may now exist in the business or which may arise in the future, and that these powers have been used effectively in the past by some Commissioners.

However, it seems to be agreed that the widespread adoption in the several states of an Act finally considered by the Insurance Commissioners Federal Legislative Committee and the All-Industry Committee, composed of representatives of the insurance business as a whole, to eliminate unfair and deceptive practices, would strengthen the power of the Commissioners to deal with certain practices which have been the subject of public criticism.

It appears that recommendations were made to the Insurance Commissioners Committee to defer action on the accident and health regulatory problem until December, 1947, but in view of the fact that the deadline under Public Law 15 is Jan. 1, 1948, the Commissioners were unanimously of the opinion that postponement was not in the general interest.

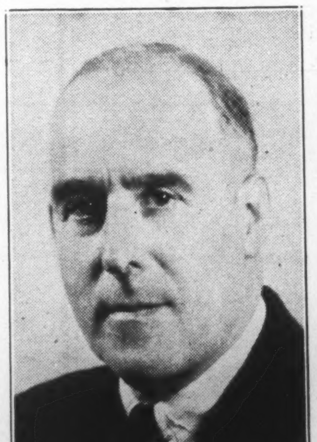
Principles Agreed On

Accordingly, a bill was proposed the principles of which were acceptable to the Commissioners and to the All-Industry Committee. It contains a provision empowering the Insurance Commissioner of a state to disapprove any policy provision or provisions which are unjust, unfair, inequitable, misleading, deceptive, or which encourage misrepresentation of the policy. There is an additional provision, enabling the Commissioner to disapprove the policy, "if the benefits provided therein are *unreasonable* in relation to the premium charged."

It has been pointed out that this provision will enable Insurance Commissioners in the several states to deal effectively with those companies which have persisted in selling policies which are unduly restrictive in relation to the premium charged. In fact, improper or unfair practices in other branches of the insurance business, as well as in the accident and health field, are dealt with in the Fair Trade Practices bill which was adopted and recommended to the states for enactment.

It was also recommended that each state adopt the measure in such a manner as to make its provisions applicable to all individual accident and health policies irrespective of the class of insurer by which issued. It is not intended, though, to be applicable to workmen's compensation insurance, accidental death or disability benefits issued supplementary to life insurance or annuity contracts, medical expense benefits under liability policies, or to group accident or health insurance.

It seems to be the almost unanimous opinion of those in the business that state laws must be strengthened if the insurance industry is to demonstrate that the states are adequately covering the field, and that unfair trade practices, recognized as such and already dealt with by the Federal Trade Commission, must be given consideration in the drafting of an effective bill for enactment by the several states.



A. H. THORPE — A. G. HALL

Recently appointed General Manager of the Portage la Prairie Mutual Insurance Company. Mr. Thorpe joined the company in a minor position in 1914. After returning from overseas service in the first World War, was appointed Treasurer in 1920, the position he occupied until his recent appointment. Born in England, he came to Canada in 1912.

The Portage la Prairie Mutual Insurance Company announces the appointment of Mr. Hall as Assistant General Manager. Born in India, educated in England, he arrived in Canada in 1923 and commenced his insurance career in a junior position with the Canadian Fire Insurance Company. Joined "Portage" in 1931 as Accountant.

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Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

I would like to get a report on the financial standing, according to Government figures, of a company called the Western Life Assurance Co., whose head office is at Hamilton, Ont., but was at one time at Winnipeg. How long has it been in business, and what is the amount of its capital?

—C. S. H., Brandon, Man.

The Western Life Assurance Company, with head office at Hamilton, was originally incorporated in Manitoba in 1910, and commenced business in 1911. It took out a Dominion charter in 1917, and since 1918 it has been operating under Dominion license and registry. At the end of 1945, the latest date for which Government figures are available, its total admitted assets were $1,729,240, while its total liabilities except capital amounted to $1,651,909, showing a surplus as regards policyholders of $77,331. The paid up capital amounted to $160,000, in addition to which the shareholders had paid in $242,871 as premium on capital stock. Its total income in 1945, excluding receipts on account of capital stock, was $449,452, while its total disbursements were $311,684, of which $92,264 was paid under insurance and annuity contracts. $21,580 was miscellaneous payments under contracts, and $157,360 was disbursed in expenses. The gross amount of the new policies issued in 1945 was $2,413,794, and the net amount, $2,311,530, while the net amount of insurance in force at the end of the year was $12,049,421.

News of the Mines

(*Continued from Page 31*)

worth $5,304,922. This compared with $5,466,983 in January and $5,190,366 in February, 1946. Grade of ore at $8.74 was higher in January although lower than the average for the year, 1946.

The balance sheet of Sand River Gold Mining Company as of December 31, 1946, shows cash of $3,758 and bonds at cost of $7,891, as against current liabilities of $9. A block of 252,000 shares is held in Undersill Gold Mining Company. Shaft sinking through the diabase sill is proceeding here and cross-cutting to the vein on the bottom level (2,610 feet) should begin in June. Sand River holds 172,916 shares in Eastcourt Gold Mines and further development may be done on this property owing to encouraging results being obtained in shaft sinking on the adjoining Regcourt Gold Mines. Goldyke Mines in which 32,250 shares are held intends to acquire another property when a suitable opportunity presents itself. Work by this company on a gold prospect in McNeil township, Porcupine district, failed to locate any zone in which values were sufficiently concentrated.

An increase in development work and higher costs reduced earnings

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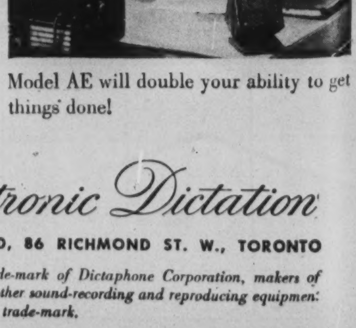

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for Dome Mines in 1946 despite a higher milling rate and production. Net profits after all charges amounted to $2,051,728, equivalent to $1.05 per issued share as against $2,299,584, or $1.18 in the previous 12 months. Ore reserves of 2,498,000 tons were up 86,000 tons. At the end of the year net current assets, including supplies, exceeded current liabilities by $6,912,549, taking investments at cost of $6,839,427, as against market value of $8,321,293. At the end of 1945 on the same basis, net working capital amounted to $7,882,940. The decline was largely offset by an increase in shares of subsidiaries and companies under option control. Not included in current assets are shares of subsidiary companies at cost of $1,632,764. In this category were the 600,000 shares of Sigma Mines carried at cost of $781,764 as against year-end market value of over $5,700,000. During the year 27,235 feet of development represented an increase of 41.5% over 1945 work.

Despite the continued difficult operating conditions an increased tonnage of ore was milled at San Antonio Gold Mines in 1946, and although the price received for gold was lower, value of production was up over $131,200 at $1,609,198. Net profit amounted to $448,029, equal to 18.7 cents per share, as against $425,757 or 17.8 cents per share the previous year. The company's working capital stands at $708,803. The ore reserve figure stands at 720,000 tons of which 104,000 tons are broken in the stopes, and these figures show a very slight decline from the previous year. Of the total ore developed last year at San Antonio, one-fifth had to be left out of the reserves owing to taxation and higher operating costs, J. D. Perrin, president, states in the annual report. Ore developed during the year and included in the ore reserves, was of a somewhat higher grade than in the past few years. During the year an option was obtained on a group of claims between nine and 10 miles northeast of the mine and trenching and diamond drilling indicate the possibility of there being commercial ore. Shaft sinking and underground development should get underway here early in the summer.

The three-compartment shaft being sunk at the Porcupine Reef Gold Mines property had reached a depth of 320 feet at the year end. It will be sunk to a depth of 1,000 feet and six levels established. It is expected the shaft will be completed by July, 1947, and that stations and crosscuts should be finished and drifting started in the ore zone on the bottom two or three levels by October. The property is being managed and operated by Broulan Porcupine Mines, which owns 840,000 shares and has an option to purchase 800,000 additional shares at prices ranging from 30 to 50 cents per share. Porcupine Reef has the right to enter into an agreement with Broulan Porcupine covering the milling of ore on a basis of actual cost plus 50 cents per ton for depreciation allowance. Therefore, as soon as ore is encountered the property could be brought into production by trucking ore to the Broulan mill — a distance of two miles. It is estimated that additional expenditure of about $200,000 will be necessary this year before the possibilities of the ore zone will be indicated by underground work. Net current assets at the end of the year, totalled $23,647, including investment in shares of other companies at market value.

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LOUIS WHITE

of the Toronto 1 Branch of The Great-West Life Assurance Company has added new laurels to his long and distinguished life under-writing career.

In recognition of the outstanding total of Life Insurance and Annuity business he personally wrote during 1946, Mr. White has been designated Vice-President of the 1947 President's Club. This club is composed of the Company's top-ranking representatives throughout Canada and the United States. In his 30 years with the Company, Mr. White has held every office in the President's Club and has an unbroken record of membership.

In the 12-month period ending Sept. 30, 1946, Mr. White's production totalled more than $1,000,000.

THE GREAT-WEST LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

Company Reports

Halifax Insurance

During 1946 the Halifax Insurance Company, which was founded in 1809 and is Canada's oldest insurance company, increased its reserve for risks in force on the Dominion Insurance Department standard from $1,791,588 to $2,008,614, indicating the increase effected last year in the business of the company. At the end of the year the total assets amounted to $7,593,567, compared with $8,164,115 at the end of 1945. Total liabilities except capital were $4,108,865, compared with $4,025,058 at the end of 1945. Surplus as regards policyholders was $3,484,702, compared with $4,139,057 at the end of 1945. Net surplus at the end of 1946 over capital, unearned premium reserve, other reserves and all liabilities was $1,484,702, compared with $2,139,057 at the end of 1945. Comparing the amount of the surplus as regards policy-holders at the end of 1946, $3,484,702, with the amount of the unearned premium reserve liability, $2,008,614, it will be seen that the company occupies a very strong financial position in relation to the volume of business transacted.

THE Casualty Company of Canada
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO
AGENCY OPPORTUNITIES
IN SOME TERRITORIES THROUGHOUT CANADA
E. D. GOODERHAM, President A. W. EASTMURE, Managing Director

THE MONARCH LIFE Assurance Company
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★ *For full details of the 1947 Fair apply to the nearest British Commercial Diplomatic Officer or Consular Officer, or the British Trade Commissioner in your area.*

BRITAIN PRODUCES THE GOODS

THE SCIENCE FRONT

That "Infra-Red Thing" Extracts Pine Seeds for Reforestation

By RONALD HAMBLETON

I HAVE just paid a visit to a new experimental station which the Ontario government has established about 15 miles north of Toronto. It's a brand new building with modern equipment, everything shining with newness and that factory-made look—except in one room! And there, looking very home-made, is an ugly duckling of a machine, bristling with ends of wire, odd sizes in nuts and bolts, and at one corner, a slat of wood even held up by a length of string!

I can't tell you the name of the machine, because it is the only one of its kind in the world, I suppose. The man in charge calls it "that infra-red thing". But I can tell you what it does. It's a machine for heating pine-cones! You know those scaly, egg-shaped growths from pine trees which carry the seed. Well, this machine heats them, so that the scales unfold.

But let's go back a bit and find out why. The Department of Lands and Forests in the Ontario Government has the job of replenishing our stands of timber—areas that have been depleted by fire or by commercial cutting. And of course, for that they need seed, and lots of it.

Now the old way of collecting seed was this. Pine cones were gathered in bushel baskets and placed on racks in a heated room; and after three or four days the cones would spread open, the seed would be then shaken out and collected. A slow job. But then, one of the staff of the Research Division remembered something. He remembered that pine trees are what they call "fire-followers". That is, after a forest fire, the wasted area is found to be thick with a new growth of pine, after a few years, of course. Well, that meant only one thing: that the great heat of the fire, the direct heat, made the pine cones burst open like mad, and scatter their seeds in hundreds of thousands. This infra-red thing duplicates, more scientifically and constructively, of course, what the forest fire does. It opens the cones and releases the seed.

Let's visualize the machine. There are two trays—like ordinary doors laid flat—and just above these trays is a battery of infra-red light bulbs (20,000 watts altogether). The pine cones are laid on tray number one and travel along it underneath the lights. It takes them about two hours to travel the five or six feet and the heat from the lights makes them gradually unfold. At the end of the first tray, they topple over the edge into a basin of water. The water makes the pine cones close up again. Then they go on to the second tray, where they are once more unfolded by the heat. While all this is going on, the trays are being gently agitated, which jolts the seed out of the cones.

Primitive, But It Works!

It's all quite primitive, actually, but it works. It is the first time anyone has constructed a machine for extracting seed from pine cones—one that is completely automatic, that is. I must admit that someone has to come along and put the seed into bags, but otherwise they're untouched by human hand.

By this method, they extract as many seed in four hours as the old method yielded in three or four days. And that means that when they have a few more of these machines in operation, they'll be able to distribute the seed over large areas by aeroplane, and still have plenty left over for nurseries and for private seedings.

When the Lands and Forest boys are through with the seeds they look like little black pills. Because after the infra-red thing has done its work, the seed looks like . . . well, it looks like the wing of a moth. That's the best description I can give you. At one tip of this fragile wing is a black speck. That's the pine seed. They cut away the wing part—they have a real machine for that—and then, they coat the seed with a mixture of zinc oxide and fertilizer and one or two other chemicals and the result, as I said, is like a little black pill.

I must mention, in passing, a rather engaging little by-product of all this. What, you may ask, happens to the pine cones themselves after they have been robbed of their seed. Some, I must confess, are burnt; but the majority are given or sold to various organizations who paint them . . . paint them gilt and green and red . . . and they find their way eventually to Canadian homes where they are used as decoration on Christmas trees. And Christmas trees out here are usually —pine! So the pine cone finds its way back home again.

SONG'S RETURN

WHEN Singing Heart and Sorrow met
Wan was the autumn weather;
And Sorrow's eyes with tears were wet
As they two came together.
The lip of Singing Heart grew still
And silent walked grey Sorrow,
And winter crept across the hill
And snows came on the morrow.
Then Sorrow cried: "Thro' cloud and sun
We two must walk together!"
So, joining hands, they feared as one
Amid life's snowy weather.

ARTHUR STRINGER

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND NO. 241

NOTICE is hereby given, that a DIVIDEND OF TWENTY CENTS per share on the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 30th April 1947 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after THURSDAY, the FIRST day of MAY next, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on 31st March 1947. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board,

S. M. WEDD,
General Manager.

Toronto, 21st March, 1947.

FINANCIAL STATEMENTS
WHAT THEY MEAN

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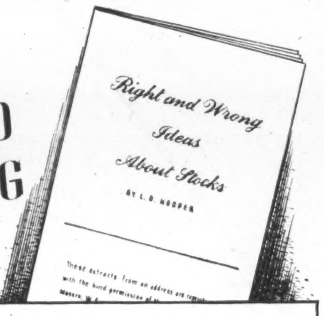

"Right and Wrong Ideas about Stocks"

by L. O. Hooper

The material upon which this address was based has particular reference to American stocks, but is equally applicable to Canadian. We believe this booklet will clarify a number of misconceptions about stocks and prove of value to investors.

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Get it now for needed extra heat in your summer cottage! Use it, come fall, in your town home! The Heat Wave Radiator is easily moved from room to room for extra heat wherever you need it—laundry, nursery, bathroom, sickroom, sunporch. This suitcase-sized radiator plugs in anywhere, gives clean steam heat in just a few minutes, has no open elements to cause fires. Approved by the Canadian Standards Association. See it at hardware, electrical and department stores in three attractive finishes—ivory, walnut and the new, hammered-finish tropictan.

BRUTOCO MANUFACTURERS LTD., TORONTO

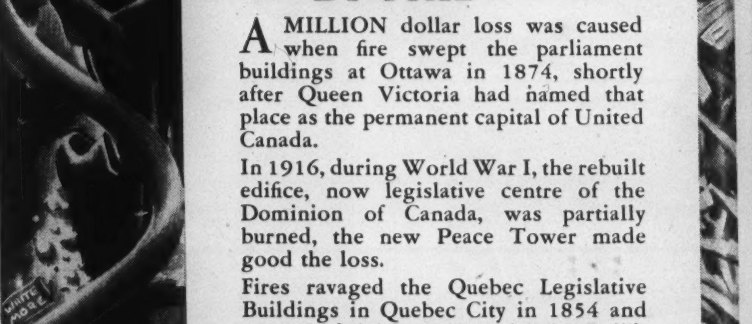
Parliament Buildings TWICE RAVAGED BY FIRE

A MILLION dollar loss was caused when fire swept the parliament buildings at Ottawa in 1874, shortly after Queen Victoria had named that place as the permanent capital of United Canada.

In 1916, during World War I, the rebuilt edifice, now legislative centre of the Dominion of Canada, was partially burned, the new Peace Tower made good the loss.

Fires ravaged the Quebec Legislative Buildings in Quebec City in 1854 and 1883, and the Ontario Legislative Buildings in Toronto in 1909.

In 1874, GORE, founded by men of the Gore District of Upper Canada in 1839, was 35 years old. Today it serves property owners in Ontario and the Western Provinces with sound, economical insurance.



The Gore agent in your community will gladly advise and assist you in meeting your insurance needs.

GORE DISTRICT MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO.

FIRE, AUTOMOBILE AND CASUALTY INSURANCE